Commentary
October 2002

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A world of ideas on public policy.

Modernizing Health Insurance to Pay for Medical Progress

by J. D. Kleinke

Recent dramatic improvements in public health in the United States all point to one source: major pharmaceutical breakthroughs during the past decade. Americans today have access to more and better drugs, but this medical progress is expensive. In numerous therapeutic areas, better medicines increase costs, at least in the short run. In other areas, better medicines that produce short-run savings add costs in the long run. The answer to this problem is not to control drug prices or restrict access to innovative therapies. Instead, federal and state laws regulating health insurance and provider risk-sharing need to be revamped to encourage, rather than constrain, the social progress embodied in expensive, breakthrough medical technologies.

Although many new medicines reduce medical costs over the long run, many do not pay off quickly enough for health insurers. Public and private payers have responded by using various means – such as arbitrary drug "caps," crude utilization review methods, and design manipulations of benefit plans – to control "excessive" spending on pharmaceuticals. Such measures almost always have negative results for patient welfare.

Healthcare purchasers and payers should make their spending decisions with a selectivity based on clinical and economic value – a sophistication that stands in stark contrast to today's price-driven "tiering" of coverage and co-payment. Price and utilization controls are ineffective and counterproductive because they attempt to reverse two profound, historic phenomena at work in the U.S. healthcare system. The added costs associated with breakthrough medicines represent a major structural shift from the provision of traditional medical services to the consumption of medical products. They also represent the creation of economic, social, and public health utility that we value as a society.

Unfortunately, our current health insurance system – including Medicare – is hopelessly out of step with the inevitable rotation of medical care delivery from services to technology. The absence of a Medicare outpatient prescription drug benefit is the most glaring illustration of this problem.

> ***Federal and state laws regulating health insurance and provider risk-sharing need to be revamped to encourage rather than constrain the social progress embodied in expensive, breakthrough medical technologies***

The changing mix of drug costs and other medical expenses imposes upon payers the maddening task of rationalizing and managing aggregate healthcare spending. Different classes of medicines pose starkly different value propositions for payers. Most insurers – focused on quarterly or annual financial targets – willingly pay for "expensive" new drugs (such as anticoagulant therapy for stroke) that reduce short-term healthcare costs. These drugs are a bargain for payers and society, compared with the costs of the chronic diseases that they delay, manage, or prevent. But insurers have far less incentive to reimburse other "expensive" medicines that decrease medical costs only after several years, if at all. In the latter category are drugs that reduce only non-medical costs (such as those borne by employers), or that actually increase long-term costs by extending the lives of patients with chronic illnesses, or that significantly improve people's lives without saving any money at all, as many so-called "lifestyle drugs" do.

The best way to rationalize the conflicting value propositions created by "expensive" new medicines is to fix several major flaws in our current health insurance system. First, establish tax parity for all health benefits and non-covered medical expenses; this would neutralize the role of the employer in switching health plans, reduce enrollee turnover, and push out the pharmaceutical investment horizon for insurers. Second, relax federal laws that galvanize the separation of physicians and hospitals and thus doom the market's desire to manage pharmacy costs by managing economic incentives of providers. Third, establish federal mandates for classes of drugs with enormous clinical value but negative economic returns, eliminating the compulsion of insurers and self-insured employers to underpay for drugs that provide no short-term medical cost savings.

The health insurance system is struggling mightily to pay for our great medical progress. Today, doing the right thing for patients is too often the wrong thing for insurance company shareholders. We should accept this fact of our medical progress and adapt our insurance system accordingly. Our society will not tolerate explicit rationing. Our only recourses are to make implicit rationing transparent and to pay for our medical progress the good old-fashioned way: collectively, through better health insurance coverage.

J. D. Kleinke is president of Health Strategies Network, a health information technology research company in Denver, Colorado. *A full-length version of this editorial was originally published in the September/October 2001 issue of* Health Affairs *as "The Price of Progress: Prescription Drugs in the Health Care Market."* *Copyright (c) 2001. www.healthaffairs.org*

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Commentary

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American Jewish Committee
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Commentary
October 2002

Letters from Readers

Arguing Anti-Semitism

To the Editor:

My message, as far as Gabriel Schoenfeld's article on anti-Semitism is concerned ["Israel and the Anti-Semites," June] is, in apposite street language, come off it! Jews are not all that innocent and helpless. Three millennia of being God's favorites have had their effect. Jews may stupidly pay one steep price for it, but it *is* their choice.

William B. Wilson
Pleasant Hill, California

To the Editor:

I am stunned that Gabriel Schoenfeld had the temerity to quote Richard John Neuhaus's article in the May issue of *First Things* so out of context and so piecemeal that his intent and views are seriously misrepresented. As a consequence, Father Neuhaus has been portrayed by Mr. Schoenfeld as anti-Semitic and anti-Israel, which he emphatically is not.

I have followed Father Neuhaus's writings in *First Things* and can only say that they always reflect his habits of candor and rigorous pursuit of truth wherever it may lead. Some of what he says about Jews, Episcopalians, Muslims, Mormons, (occasionally) Catholics, or others are consistent with his "no b.s." manner, which may offend those who are used to the obfuscation and cant so widely disseminated in the media. We may or may not agree with all that Father Neuhaus says regarding Jews or Israel, but friends—and he is a friend to Jews—can have honest differences.

Mr. Schoenfeld has indulged in yellow journalism of the worst sort, damaging the integrity of Commentary and the reputation of Father Neuhaus alike. I strongly believe that he is owed a full apology and retraction, though it is doubtful that Mr. Schoenfeld's slander, for that is exactly what it is, can ever be rectified.

Stephen Hubert
Camarillo, California

To the Editor:

In connection with "Israel and the Anti-Semites," my grandfather, Mendel Beilis, was accused of ritual murder in Kiev just prior to the Russian Revolution. He never sought to be a martyr and suffered dearly throughout the ordeal, though the case did lead many Jews to leave Europe, saving them from the Holocaust. It is quite disgraceful that the Arabs are today bringing back the blood libel.

Jay Beilis
Oradell, New Jersey

To the Editor:

Is it better to ignore anti-Semitism or to fight it? I asked this question in Germany in my teens, but it was already too late. The murderous anti-Semitism promoted by Julius Streicher's newspaper *Der Stürmer* was too big. But now, as the examples cited by Gabriel Schoenfeld show, simply saying "Never Again" about the Holocaust is once again not enough. For anti-Semitism itself has been redefined by the Holocaust: unless someone actually wants to kill Jews, he does not qualify as an anti-Semite. Hitler must be laughing in hell.

Emil L. Fackenheim
Jerusalem, Israel

To the Editor:

Gabriel Schoenfeld's article made me recall something I saw in Morocco in the summer of 1943, when I was nineteen. I had crossed the Atlantic as a replacement on the *USS West Point* and landed at Casablanca (I couldn't find Rick's café). There had been a three-day war with the French in November 1942 and the wreck of the French battleship *Jean Bart* lay in the harbor. We were taken to a tent city not far away. At dusk every evening, we would put on our helmets and run double-time down the highway east

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of the camp. At about our turning-around point, there was a black building or wall on which someone had painted, with a coarse brush, "Mort Aux Juifs" ("Death to the Jews"). No one erased it. Fortunately, none of our guys knew what it said.

ROBERT KERR
Boulder, Colorado

TO THE EDITOR:

I feel very close to the subject of "Israel and the Anti-Semites," having spent the end of World War II in Sachsenhausen, a concentration camp for political prisoners where the inmates included the cream of the resistance in France, Belgium, and the Netherlands. These men were heroes, unquestionably. Still, the fact remains that far fewer West Europeans chose to sign up with the resistance than with the German SS, especially in the period before it became evident that Germany would lose the war. The Jews of Europe could not have been rounded up without the cooperation of these indigenous forces, who on some occasions took direct responsibility for the task.

Only about a generation separates the age when Jews were depicted as sheep-like, frightened people led passively to their deaths from today's portrayal of them as overaggressive brutes. The basic tenet pressed on Israel by so many, that concessions will bring peace and an end to hatred, was proved entirely wrong in Europe on the eve of World War II, with tragic consequences.

ERVIN G. ERDÖS
Chicago, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR:

In his excellent article on Israel and anti-Semitism, Gabriel Schoenfeld cites excerpts from the *Guardian* and the *Evening Standard*, British newspapers that attacked Israel's incursion into Jenin last spring.

Interestingly, files from the British Mandate in Palestine opened in 1989 tell of an action the English themselves took against Arabs in that very same town of Jenin in 1938, after a British district commissioner was assassinated there. What remained of the city after the English went in with some 4,200 kilos of explosives to exact revenge was a "pile of mangled masonry."

JUDITH HIRSCH
Boca Raton, Florida

TO THE EDITOR:

As Gabriel Schoenfeld points out, the European reaction to recent murderous attacks by Arab terrorists on Israelis was quite restrained—to put it nicely—but when the Israeli government finally took necessary steps of self-defense, suddenly the European "conscience" awoke and we witnessed the revival of the basest forms of anti-Semitism.

Unfortunately, this shameful campaign finds ready support in the universities. Mr. Schoenfeld mentions the movement for divestment initiated by a group of faculty members at Harvard, MIT, and Princeton. Perhaps even more notorious is the petition published last April in the *Guardian*. Signed by 125 mostly British professors, the document calls for a moratorium on the awarding of grants to Israeli academics "unless and until Israel abides by UN resolutions and opens serious peace negotiations with the Palestinians, along the lines proposed in many peace plans including most recently that sponsored by the Saudis and the Arab League." In this single sentence, historical truth is abused in the most shameful way.

What is especially appalling is that a number of Israeli academics also signed the document. Their signatures are just one more sign of how thoroughly some elements of the Israeli Left have lost any connection with the harsh and dangerous reality facing their own country.

BORIS A. KUSHNER
University of Pittsburgh Johnstown, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR:

Gabriel Schoenfeld identifies something new about today's anti-Semitism: "the left-wing strain, the strain that loathes the Jews not on explicitly racialist or religious grounds but on 'universalist' ones." It is imperative to understand the roots of this peculiar ideology that extends tolerance to every stripe of humanity except the Jews.

For nearly two decades, the World Core Curriculum, conceived by the UN and based on the teachings of the occultist Alice A. Bailey, a mid-20th-century proponent of universalism, has been adopted by progressive educational institutions around the world. What is not recognized is that in her other writings, including her "divine plan" for global harmony, Bailey held that the Jews constituted one of four "world problems" that must be "solved" before the "new age" can dawn for humanity. Bailey called Israel a "real danger to world peace and human development . . . mark[ing] a point of triumph of the forces of evil," and explained that "the Zionist dictators . . . were attempting (somewhat unsuccessfully) to be to the Jewish people what . . . Hitler and his gang have been to their people." It is not widely appreciated how many contemporary liberals were exposed to the World Core Curriculum in their formative years, acquiring through it a deep admiration for Bailey and her various teachings.

HANNAH NEWMAN
Ariel, Israel

TO THE EDITOR:

Gabriel Schoenfeld's provocative and disturbing article raises a number of questions that merit further consideration. First, if public opinion in America at some point were to shift toward the views of the European and American Left, how long could Israel be expected to survive? The United States today provides the only effective opposition to Islamic, European, and academic attempts to isolate Israel, and offers the only effective opposition to calls for divestment and economic sanctions. Some American political figures would, no doubt, stand against the tide no matter what the polls showed. But how long would they hold out once it became clear that their constituents regarded Israel with either indifference or hostility?

This leads to a second question: where in American public opinion does support for Israel reside, and is it likely to remain there? As recent surveys show, the strongest base of support, Jews aside, is among Republicans, conservatives, evangelicals, and Southerners. These groups believe

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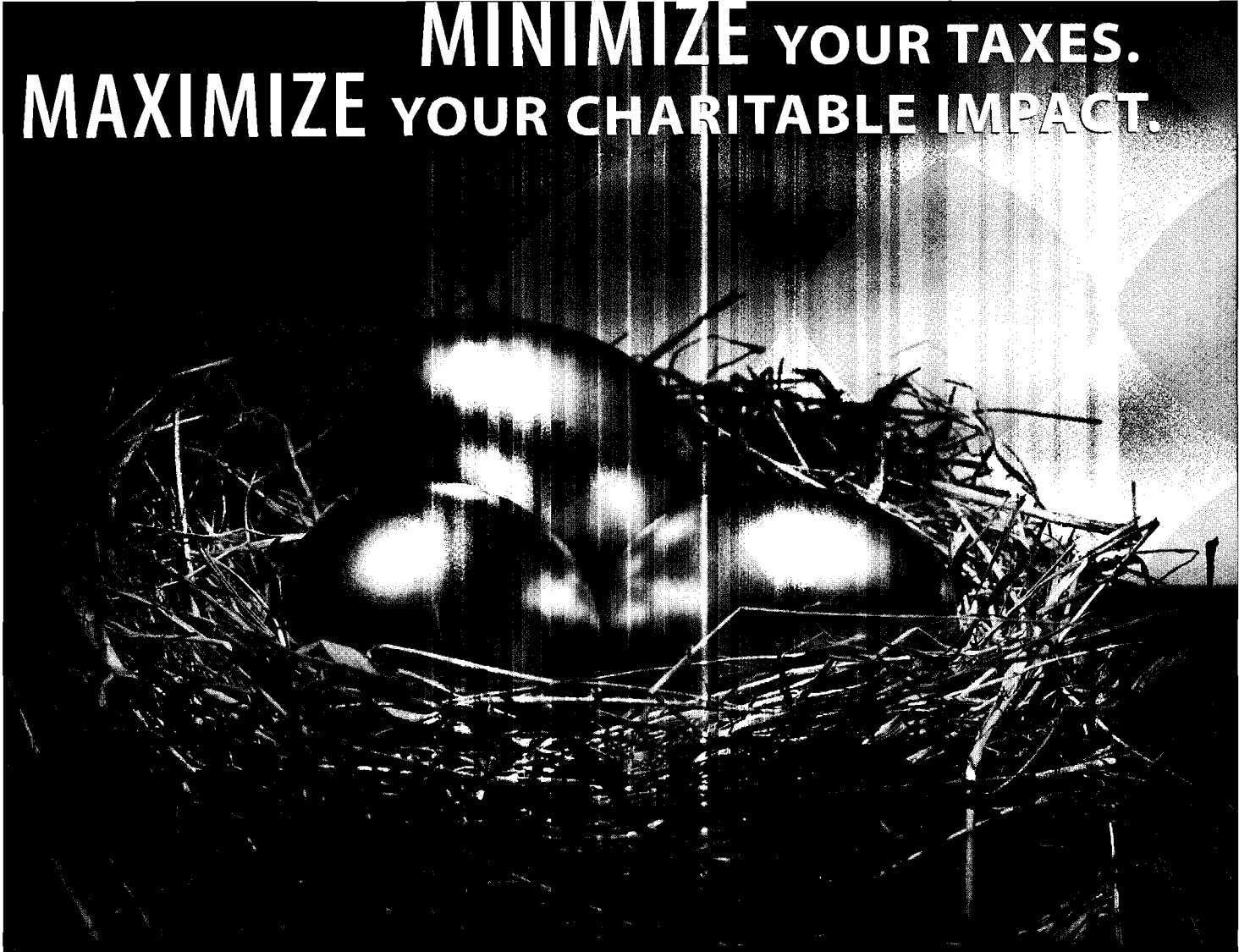

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that Israel and America share common values as well as a common enemy in terrorism and the jihadist ideology that drives it. Hostility toward Israel on the Right is found chiefly among followers of Patrick J. Buchanan. On the Left, by contrast, there is widespread antipathy toward Israel, and a willful failure to distinguish between terrorism and counterterrorism, or between premeditated murder and unintended killing.

Israel faces a daunting challenge in seeking to broaden its support among groups that are left of center. On the other hand, Israelis can feel reasonably confident that the coalition of groups on the American Right will continue to stand with them.

CLIFFORD D. MAY
The Foundation for the Defense of Democracies
Washington, D.C.

GABRIEL SCHOENFELD writes:

William B. Wilson's epistle, with its rudimentary theological disquisition, is a useful reminder of the profoundly irrational nature of the phenomenon of anti-Semitism. Jay Beilis's letter is a very different sort of reminder. His grandfather, a humble bricklayer, was arrested in 1911 and charged with murdering and draining the blood of a thirteen-year-old boy for ritual purposes. Worldwide protests against the Czarist authorities ensued, with the United States, a half-century before Jimmy Carter claimed credit for first injecting "human rights" into American foreign policy, even canceling its trade agreement with Russia over the affair. Would that our government today were willing to take equivalent action against some of our "allies"—like Saudi Arabia—that have been using petrodollars to propagate the blood libel on a worldwide scale.

Emil L. Fackenheim points out that the deviancy known as anti-Semitism has been defined downward. In the post-Holocaust era, he writes, "unless someone actually wants to kill Jews, he does not qualify as an anti-Semite." Alas, in some highly respectable quarters, even an open expression of the desire to kill Jews does not qualify. Anti-Israel demonstrators in France, for example, have carried posters reading "Death to Jews," but the *New York Times*, in analyzing this development, seems in genuine doubt about what it means. Does such "ferocious" language, the newspaper asks, "mark a recrudescence of that most ugly of Western diseases, anti-Semitism? Or is it legitimate, if crude, criticism of a nation's policies? Where does one draw the line? And how does one judge?"

Although each of my other correspondents raises points worth responding to, and I am grateful to each of them, I want to devote the balance of this reply to Stephen Hubert's letter, which is as stridently worded as it is devoid of evidence. Mr. Hubert adduces not a single phrase from my article to illustrate his accusation that I misquoted Richard John Neuhaus or took his views out of context. Indeed, writing in *First Things*, the publication of which he is the editor-in-chief, Father Neuhaus has himself commented on my article, and does not claim to have been misquoted in the slightest—let alone "slandered." But since Father Neuhaus is in fact critical of my article, as he was of a previous essay in COMMENTARY by Hillel Halkin ("The Return of Anti-Semitism," February), it is perhaps worth considering at somewhat greater length what he has to say on the subject.

Halkin had argued as follows:

> [O]ne cannot be against Israel or Zionism, as opposed to this or that Israeli policy or Zionist position, without being anti-Semitic. Israel is the state of the Jews. Zionism is the belief that the Jews should have a state. To defame Israel is to defame the Jews. To wish it never existed, or would cease to exist, is to wish to destroy the Jews.

It was these successive propositions that Father Neuhaus took exception to in the May issue of *First Things*. Soon afterward, I jumped into the fray with "Israel and the Anti-Semites," where the words that so outrage Stephen Hubert appeared. In them, I commented very briefly on Father Neuhaus's quarrel with Halkin. This in turn prompted another reply from Father Neuhaus in the August *First Things*, where he wrote:

> Gabriel Schoenfeld, senior editor of COMMENTARY, describes me as among the "avowed friends of the Jewish state" but deplores my comments on [Hillel] Halkin's article. "Such," he writes, "are the tortuous rationalizations to which the swell of worldwide anti-Semitism has led." (I note, but decline to entertain, the possibility that Mr. Schoenfeld is suggesting that anti-Semitism led me to write what I did.) My reflection, I am persuaded, was neither tortuous nor a rationalization. It was a straightforward clarification of a serious confusion in Mr. Halkin's argument. There is a worldwide swell of anti-Semitism, except for, thank God, the United States. As American support for Israel becomes ever more crucial, those of us who advocate such support should not accuse everyone who disagrees of being anti-Semitic or of wishing to destroy the Jews. To divide Americans between those who support U.S. policy toward Israel and those who wish to destroy the Jews is, I believe, false, uncivil, and counterproductive.

Unfortunately, this does little to clarify matters, and it is also irrelevant to the issue I was trying to raise. In my article I did not, as Father Neuhaus writes here, deplore his comments about Hillel Halkin's article. I did deplore one specific comment—which he does not address at all—and nothing he says here persuades me that the criticism I leveled was unfair or off the mark.

The single statement that seized my attention in Father Neuhaus's earlier remarks on Halkin was his assertion that to "wish that Israel 'would cease to exist' is . . . not necessarily a wish to destroy the Jews, since one might at the same time hope that the minority of the world's Jews living in Israel would find a secure home elsewhere, notably in the U.S." It was these words that I called a "tortuous rationalization."

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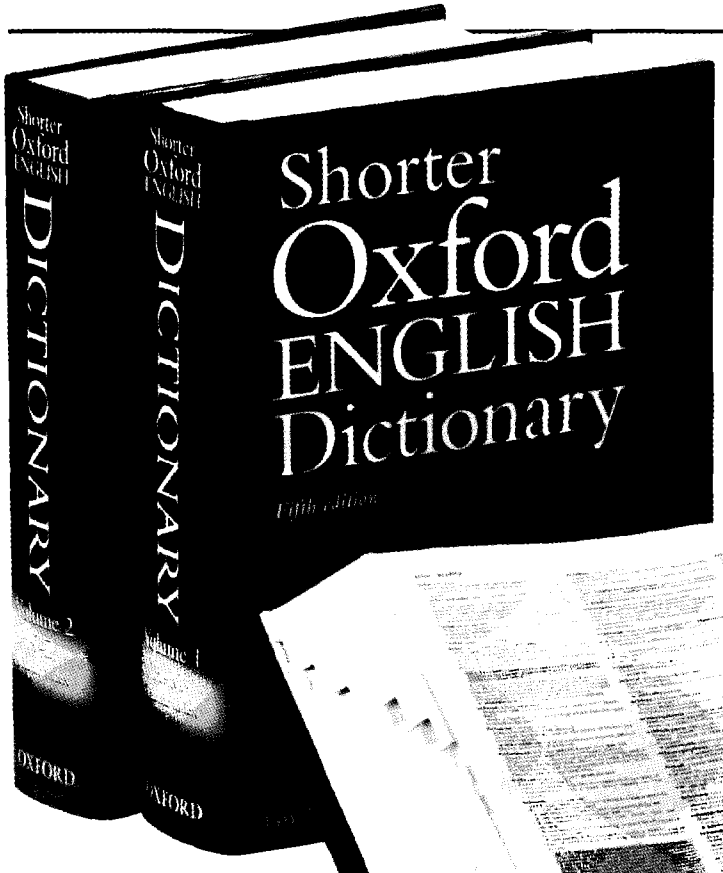

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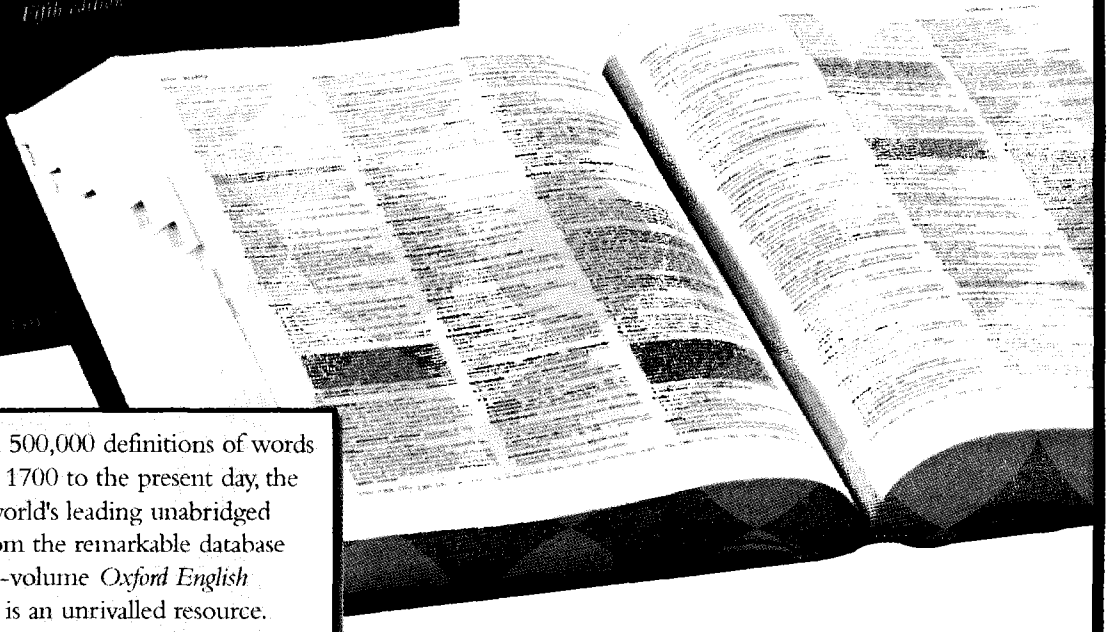

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They are tortuous, to begin with, because it is impossible to conceive of the circumstances Father Neuhaus posits—namely, circumstances in which, should Israel come under grave threat or be defeated in a war, the "minority of the world's Jews living in Israel would find a secure home elsewhere, notably in the U.S." Father Neuhaus undoubtedly recalls that in 1975, the United States did not exactly lay out a welcome mat for its allies in Cambodia whom it had pledged but failed to defend from Communist aggression; in short order they were slaughtered by the millions. An older and even more relevant episode took place when, in the 1930's and 40's, the United States did its best to keep out Jewish refugees from Nazism—on one notorious occasion in 1939 refusing admission to those aboard the steamship *St. Louis* and forcing the ship back to Europe, where most of the 937 passengers met their deaths. It is not impertinent to note in this connection that the draconian refugee policy adopted in that period was greeted with sincere indifference by almost all of America's Christian churches.

True, one might hope that things would be different in our enlightened age. But that hope is a reed that splinters in an instant when weighed against the practical obstacles in the way of rapidly ferrying five million Jews to safety from the Middle East. Exactly how would such a mass evacuation take place? To ask the question is to answer it. Unless we are indulging in tortuous rationalizations, we should admit to ourselves the likelier truth: if Israel "would cease to exist," so inevitably would most of its Jews, and therefore to "wish that Israel would 'cease to exist'" is, in practical effect, to wish for the mass murder of its Jews. If that is not an anti-Semitic sentiment, what is?

Of course, I stress again, as I did in my article, that Father Neuhaus himself is far from harboring a wish that Israel "cease to exist." Nevertheless, his contention that those who do harbor such a wish are not necessarily anti-Semitic strikes me as unusually unapprehending in one who enjoys a well-deserved reputation for (in Mr. Hubert's words) cutting through "obfuscation and cant."

While I am at it, I should add that I have been struck by some of the other things Father Neuhaus has said as well, especially his admonishing words in the May *First Things* on the issue of support for Israel among American Christians. "Ninety-eight percent of Americans are not Jewish," he wrote there,

> and the great majority of them strongly support Israel for explicitly moral reasons, and those moral reasons are inseparable from a religious and theological understanding of the bond between Judaism and Christianity. It is therefore hard to understand why so many Jews and Jewish publications—COMMENTARY very much included—are preoccupied with trivial pursuits such as the fringe phenomenon of Holocaust denial, and with emphatically nontrivial pursuits such as attacks on Pius XII and the Catholic Church, and on serious Jewish-Christian theological dialogue. Such unremitting attacks—which in some cases, such as Daniel Goldhagen and Leon Wieseltier in the *New Republic*, are of a viciously anti-Christian character—can do nothing to enhance "broad public backing" for Israel or positive attitudes toward Jews and Judaism.

It is hard to know what Father Neuhaus has in mind in stating that COMMENTARY has been "preoccupied with trivial pursuits such as the fringe phenomenon of Holocaust denial." In the last ten years, the magazine has published, by my careful count, exactly one short item focusing on this subject. But that aside, Father Neuhaus's real concern in this passage is the fact that "so many Jews and Jewish publications" have engaged in critical discussion—"unremitting attacks," in his words—of the role of Pius XII and the Catholic Church during the Holocaust. Because of this, he suggests, "backing" for Israel by Christians might be negatively affected. What is more, the views of certain individual Jews on these matters are so profoundly repugnant as to jeopardize the "positive attitudes toward Jews and Judaism" held by many Christians.

I hold no brief for the two individuals Father Neuhaus names, and have been a critic (in these pages) of some of the shockingly crude formulations of one of them. But even if both of them could fairly be shown to have propounded theses of a "viciously anti-Christian character," I fail to see why "Jews and Judaism" at large should, in classical fashion, be made to bear the blame. To judge by his previous writings, Father Neuhaus has long eschewed the notion of collective guilt, and I decline to entertain the possibility that he has changed his mind. If he is simply reporting a danger he sees on the horizon, there is, so far as I know, no evidence that the "broad public" is so radically incapable of drawing distinctions between an individual and a group—or for that matter that this broad public is intensely focused these days on the question of the behavior of the Catholic Church during World War II. In any event, the sharpest contemporary detractors of Pius XII happen to be primarily Christians themselves.

In the end, the conclusion seems inescapable that in issuing his words of warning Father Neuhaus has been aiming to terminate the debate about Pius XII by dramatically raising the stakes for its Jewish interlocutors, raising the specter of a return of anti-Semitism and an end of support for Israel. If I am right about this, it marks an ominous turn for a leading Christian thinker, especially one so deeply invested in "serious Jewish-Christian theological dialogue."

Socialism

TO THE EDITOR:

In "Socialism's Nine Lives" [June] Midge Decter writes, with her usual felicity, as though socialism were merely the vestigial neurosis of misfit intellectuals. As a late-19th-century dogma, socialism may indeed be thoroughly obsolete, and in

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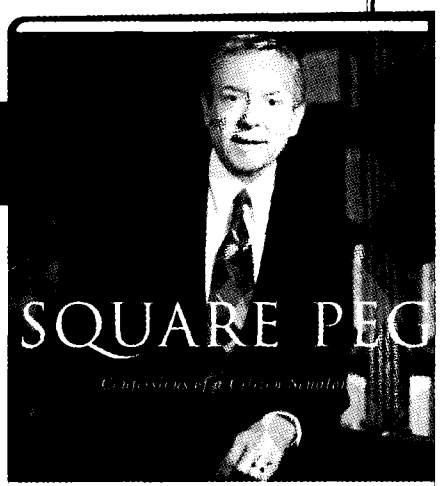

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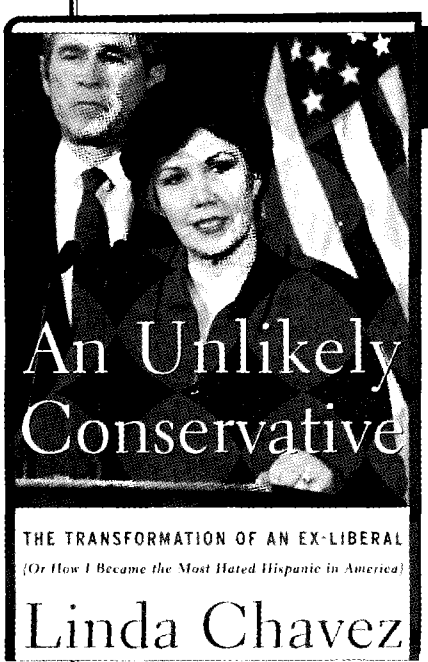
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any event wholly incompatible with the psychology of wealth creation—and thus with human betterment as generally understood in the United States. But the assumption that the will to equalize the collective is weaker in the long run than the urge to improve the individual seems to me to be dangerous—if not presumptuous. Is Midge Decter sure that the utopian personality portrayed in the novels of Dostoevsky is any less representative of homo sapiens than Adam Smith? I for one do not believe that there is or ever was anything inevitable, biologically necessary, or even particularly normal about the triumph of middle-class American values.

SETH A. HALPERN
Scarsdale, New York

TO THE EDITOR:

In her lively and informative article, Midge Decter tells us that "Karl Marx was an inveterate cadger, who considered his work too earth-shakingly significant to bind him to mere earthly responsibilities."

Alas, Marx was not the only one to consider his work "earth-shakingly significant." To this day, all leftists and even some liberals, moderates, and conservatives hold Marx in so much esteem as a thinker that they refuse to recognize that he preached totalitarianism. He rejected the notion of human rights, opposed politics (claiming in the *Communist Manifesto* it was "merely the organized power of one class for oppressing another"), and believed the state would wither away. A philosophy that—as Marx's does—looks forward to the end of human differences inevitably leads to a society in which disagreement is viewed as the embodiment of evil, individuality is outlawed, and individuals themselves are considered worthless.

GEORGE JOCHNOWITZ
College of Staten Island
Staten Island, New York

TO THE EDITOR:

Midge Decter writes very astutely on the ups and downs of socialism's popularity; the account of her experiences has revived memories of my own. I was a child of a strongly Democratic family during the Great Depression, when nightly discussions of the crisis, news of the union struggles (the labor leader Walter Reuther was one of my first heroes), and even movies like *The Grapes of Wrath* had a pervasive effect.

This was followed by World War II, during which Communist Russia was depicted as a gallant ally against the common Nazi enemy. Indeed, the image of the "workers' paradise" persisted long after the war, with much assistance from a liberal, New Deal media establishment that quite obviously felt common cause with Russia's postwar economic policies.

The first inkling of disillusionment crept in when I served in the Korean war. At that time, the writings of Arthur Koestler, combined with the opinions of foreign-policy experts like George Kennan, made us feel as though a veil was being torn away.

WILLIAM H. RIDDELL
Tampa, Florida

TO THE EDITOR:

"Socialism's Nine Lives" brought back memories of my youth in a Social Democratic family. My grandfather was among the founders of the *Forward* and the Workmen's Circle, and my father taught socialism at the Rand School for Social Science. I stuck with those views for years, until I realized that most socialists were either simply politicians or statists, and in either case did not believe in the brotherhood of man or other socialist ideals.

RICHARD H. SHULMAN
New York City

MIDGE DECTER writes:

I want to thank George Jochnowitz, William H. Riddell, and Richard H. Shulman for enriching my discussion of socialism. To be sure, Mr. Jochnowitz and Mr. Riddell address themselves only to the internal horrors and external aggressions of the Soviet Union. And while this is certainly apropos, both historically and intellectually, it does leave out of account those socialists who sought to do battle (albeit with one psychological hand tied behind their backs) against the Communist variant of their own Marxism. These were—and to an ever-dwindling extent still are—the socialists of whom Richard Shulman speaks. I would say it is not so much that they no longer believe in the brotherhood of man as that life in capitalist America, with its unprecedented success in achieving what socialists like to call "distributive justice," has robbed their thinking of any serious moral or political content. Think in this connection of Irving Howe, who in the end could say little more than that, as he put it, "Socialism is the name of our desire."

As for Seth A. Halpern, it requires a somewhat undue effort to uncover what is actually bothering him. He appears to be scolding me for failing to recognize that there is more than one kind of human aspiration at work in societies: as he puts it, the will to equalize the collective as against the urge to improve the individual. The Dostoevskyan "utopian personality," he would have us know, is as representative of homo sapiens as—the type? the personage? the system?—he denotes by the synecdoche "Adam Smith."

Now, I freely admit that "the will to equalize the collective" has been with us since time immemorial and in many guises, from the most murderous (see Dostoevsky, who, let us remember, applied the word "devils" to the characters who represent this will) to the most flagrantly bubble-headed (see, for example, the communes created by the young of the 1960's). *Pace* Mr. Halpern, however, the dominant passion of collectivism is not the wish for human betterment but envy: a human weakness from which the world is not likely to find escape any time soon. Just so, the dominant passion of the capitalist system, or what Mr. Halpern appears to be referring to when he speaks of "human betterment as generally understood in the United States," is self-interest: another passion from which the world has never been, or is ever likely to be, free. Nor does it always take admirable, or even legally or morally legitimate, forms.

Still, were I Mr. Halpern, I would not be quite so cavalier about the possible impermanence of the system under which he and I are both privileged to live, or about the possible transience of what he refers to in so dis-

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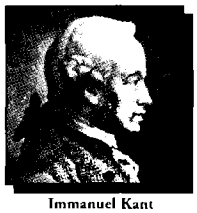
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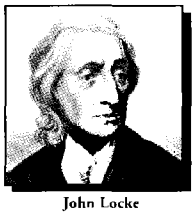
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He is author or editor of more than 40 books, including *Wild Beasts & Idle Humours. The Insanity Defense from Antiquity to the Present* (Harvard, 1996), *An Intellectual History of Psychology* (3rd edition, Wisconsin, 1995), *The Mind: An Oxford Reader* (Oxford, 1998) *and Aristotle's Psychology* (Columbia, 1989).

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missive a tone as "middle-class American values." I would instead be troubling heaven with the plea to be allowed to go on living as I do, spared the ministrations of those whose aspiration is to "equalize" me. Along with envy and self-interest, it would seem that rank ingratitude, too, is an unconquerable human failing

The Settlements

TO THE EDITOR:

Hillel Halkin cogently explains the ambiguities and complexities surrounding the problem of the Israeli settlements ["Why the Settlements Should Stay," June]. Nevertheless, he fails to acknowledge sufficiently the extent to which the original settlers and their ideological patrons in Israel's religious nationalist community and in the secular right wing intended these settlements to be obstacles to any peace treaty that would involve compromising their maximalist claims to all of Judea and Samaria. It is precisely because the underlying rationale for most, if not all, of the settlements was to preclude territorial compromise on the West Bank that the solution favored by Mr. Halkin—leaving the settlements in place under Palestinian rule—is a nonstarter for most settlers and their supporters.

The only alternative seems to be the creation of a clear and defensible border by unilateral implementation of the Allon plan, which would allow settlements near the pre-1967 borders to be maintained intact while those too remote to be easily defended would have to be abandoned, no doubt at considerable expense. Israel would acquiesce in the creation of a Palestinian state on 80 to 90 percent of the West Bank, while leaving open the door to further negotiations to adjust borders and establish mutually beneficial economic ties in return for acceptable security arrangements. One would hope that over time, with the worst provocations and indignities arising out of the "occupation" eliminated, the responsibility for governing a state would foster a more realistic and conciliatory attitude on the part of the Palestinians toward Israel.

DAVID GLASNER
Silver Spring, Maryland

TO THE EDITOR:

Hillel Halkin has an uncommonly adventurous idea for the settlements: they should exist under the authority of a Palestinian state. The list of countries safe enough for a Jew to live in contains *how many* Arab countries? None.

But let us suppose that Mr. Halkin's experiment is attempted. If the most likely consequence ensues, and a quarter-of-a-million Jews are massacred, onlookers will sigh heavily (with anguish or pleasure, depending on their point of view) and say, "Oh, well, that didn't work. Israel should try some other concession." In other words, Mr. Halkin's proposal is not susceptible of what we engineers call a nondestructive test.

ROBERTO ALAZAR
Irvine, California

TO THE EDITOR:

Hillel Halkin's suggestion that 225,000 settlers might live under Palestinian rule in exchange for permitting the same number of Palestinian refugees to return to Israel is untenable. To begin with, in order to maintain this symmetry, one would either have to ban further Jewish settlement on the West Bank—a policy that runs counter to the whole tenor of Mr. Halkin's argument—or permit the continuing resettlement of Palestinian refugees inside the June 1967 "green line." Even assuming that Jewish settlements were thus limited, the net gain for Israel's Palestinian population, given the higher Palestinian fertility rate, would be far greater than for Israeli residents of a future Palestine.

More seriously, Mr. Halkin's model would create a permanent subclass of Palestinian citizens within Israel. The 225,000 resettled refugees and their descendants, though presumably entitled to health, education, and welfare services, would be denied Israeli voting rights in favor of a ballot box in Ramallah or Nablus. How would they be identified? Would they live in separate "settlements," in similar fashion to their Jewish opposite numbers on the West Bank, or could they build their homes and their careers in Nazareth, Um-el-Fahm, or for that matter in Haifa or Jerusalem? If given the elementary freedom of movement enjoyed by the rest of their fellow countrymen, would they carry special identity cards branding them as permanent noncitizens of the state in which they live?

These are not mere technical matters; they go to the heart of how nation-states are defined. The settlements, unless backed by a policy of wholesale annexation, undermine the very idea of national boundaries. Mr. Halkin's proposal would itself deconstruct the Jewish state.

SAM SHUBE
Jerusalem, Israel

TO THE EDITOR:

In his well-reasoned article, Hillel Halkin proposes to "let the 225,000 settlers remain in a Palestinian state while allowing a similar number of Palestinian refugees to return to Israel and fairly compensating all those who cannot." This recommendation seems to be based on the assumption that the West Bank belongs to Palestinians; that is why allowing Israelis to live there calls for compensatory measures.

Yet the history of the West Bank belies this idea. In renouncing Jordan's claim to the West Bank in 1974, King Hussein left the area to "the Palestinian people." But did he have any right to do so? With the exception of the years 1950-67, when it was unilaterally annexed to Jordan, the West Bank belonged to no one and was never ceded to any specific body or people in any broadly recognized action. It has always been administered—"occupied," if you like—by an external power, as it continues to be today. Thus, contrary to Mr. Halkin's unstated assumption, Palestinians have no prima-facie claim to the West Bank, and Jews have as much right to live there as do Arabs.

ROSALIE BROSILOW
Rehovot, Israel

TO THE EDITOR:

To those who argue in favor of Jewish settlement in Judea and Samaria, Hillel Halkin attributes this view:

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Juan Luis Arsuaga

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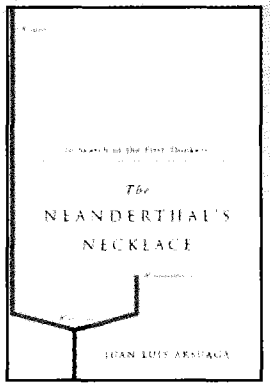

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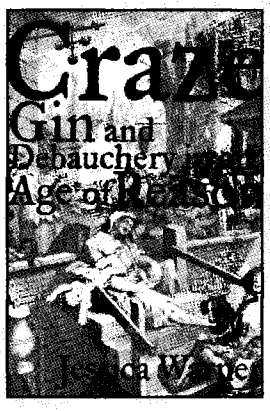

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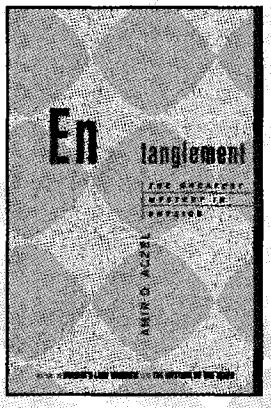

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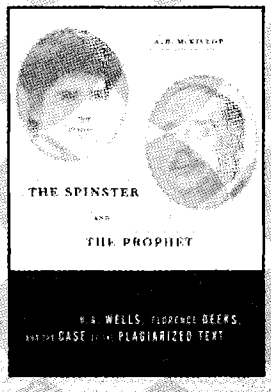

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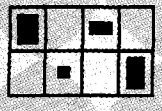

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"Jews have an absolute right to live anywhere in their historic homeland." But this inadequately captures the position in question. Based on repeated divine promises, Jews have an absolute right not merely "to live" in Israel but to exercise sovereignty there. In other words, a sizable number of Jews adhere to the belief that their rights in Israel are based on divine guarantee and not merely on the mandates of the League of Nations or the UN.

BENJAMIN D. SHERMAN
Saddle Brook, New Jersey

TO THE EDITOR:

Hillel Halkin's article represents a first step in the rethinking of one of the last Israeli illusions: that the lands of Judea, Samaria, and Gaza hold a different status from those inside the 1967 borders, and that the "disputed territories" are therefore the crux of the Middle East's problems.

That this notion is illusory was made clear to the Israeli public after the failure of the 2000 Camp David negotiations. Last Passover's massacre in Netanya—an attack on the festival that celebrates Jewish freedom—underlined for many Israelis that the current hostilities are not about the "territories" but represent a war on Jewish existence throughout Israel.

The nation is coming to understand that the Jewish right to live here derives from a biblical and historical bond, and that the settlements are extensions of the original Zionist movement. Peace will be found only when Jews become a whole people in a whole land.

YEHUDA BEN ASHER
Neve Daniel, Israel

TO THE EDITOR:

Several years ago, in an article in an international "peace journal," I offered a set of radical proposals for resolving the Palestinian-Israeli dispute that drew upon a principle of symmetry and reciprocity strikingly similar to that outlined by Hillel Halkin in his thoughtful article. The plan I described, however, would go one huge step beyond his in allowing Palestinians and Israelis to realize simultaneously much of their respective national dreams. At the heart of it was the requirement that all Arabs currently citizens of the Jewish state transfer their citizenship, national identity, and national voting rights (but not their residence) to a West Bank-Gaza Palestinian state.

Under this proposal, Israel/Palestine would consist of two ethnically defined political entities, each with its own territorial base; but the territorial entities would together constitute a single community of settlement. Arabs, regardless of their residence, would be citizens of the Palestinian state, just as Jews, even those in the West Bank and Gaza settlements, would be citizens of Israel. Jews could not only keep their settlements in the territories of the Palestinian state but could expand their size and number, just as Palestinian Arabs would have the right (within certain stipulated numerical limits) to settle in Israel. Each side would get what it most wants: an ethnically secure state for Jews and Palestinians alike, a right of return to their ancestral homeland for Palestinians, and a right of settlement on the West Bank and in Gaza for Israeli Jews.

RUSS NIELI
Princeton University
Princeton, New Jersey

TO THE EDITOR:

Hillel Halkin's is a thoughtful and detailed analysis of the history, legalities, and political realities that have shaped the present Palestinian-Israeli conflict.

The trouble, however, is that his words will go unheeded by those who most need to hear them. Arab leaders are not interested in a reasonable solution to the conflict because they have never had a true interest in the plight of the Palestinians. They rejected the UN offer of Palestinian statehood in 1947, refused Israel's offer to return the West Bank after the Arab defeat of 1967, kept Palestinians in squalid refugee camps, and finally rejected former Prime Minister Barak's unprecedented concessions at Camp David.

A.L. KOLOM
Los Angeles, California

TO THE EDITOR:

According to Hillel Halkin, the total cost of evacuating the settlements could exceed $20 billion. This is a powerful point, and deserves further elucidation. If Israel closes a settlement, will each owner lose the equity he has in his home, and, if he has had a mortgage on that home, will the bank lose the income? Those who advocate abandoning the settlements should at least offer proposals that would save lending institutions from widespread bankruptcy and protect individual settlers from major financial losses even as they are forced to give up their homes.

JERRY STEINMAN
West Nyack, New York

HILLEL HALKIN writes:

Since I openly admitted in my article that the solution proposed there for the Israeli-Palestinian conflict might be utopian, I have no deep argument with critics like David Glasner, Roberto Alazar, or Sam Shube who, for different reasons, make the same point. And yet they make it somewhat simplistically.

Mr. Glasner, for example, argues that life under Palestinian sovereignty would be a "nonstarter" for most settlers. But without Israeli government compensation for evacuating their homes, many settlers not keen on such an experiment might have to try it anyway. And even if compensation were offered, so that most settlers left before a Palestinian takeover, the experiment could still be tried. If the issue is not Jewish control of the West Bank but the Jewish right to live there, the number of Jews choosing to exercise that right is not crucial.

Mr. Alazar, on the other hand, fears a massacre of "a quarter-of-a-million" settlers by the Palestinians once the Israeli army withdraws. But of course it would not take a massacre of even a hundred settlers to bring the army back in—after which, the experiment having failed, Israel would remain in the Palestinian territories long enough to draw a unilateral border and withdraw to it, evacuating the settlers as it does. Would it be better simply to concede failure in advance? Perhaps, but I do not think it self-evident.

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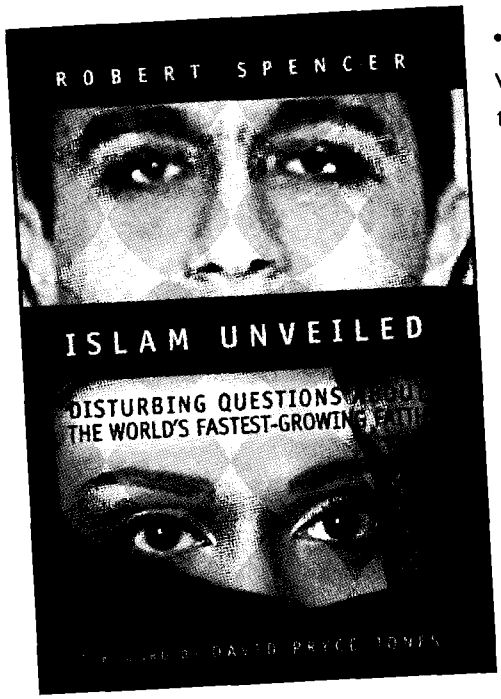

- Were Osama bin Laden and his followers perverting Islam when they claimed holy sanction for their attack on the U.S.?
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To Mr. Shube, I would say the same. If economic conditions were good and Israeli-Palestinian relations satisfactory, Palestinian citizens living in Israel would not necessarily have to be reduced to a "permanent subclass"—especially if they replaced the many Asian and East European "guest workers" in Israel who themselves replaced West Bank and Gaza Palestinians during the 1990's. It is reasonable to assume that a genuine Israeli-Palestinian peace with open borders would mean an economic boom for both sides.

The argument made by Rosalie Brosilow, Benjamin D. Sherman, and Yehuda Ben Asher that Israel has a better claim to the West Bank than do the Palestinians is of theoretical interest only. The demographic facts, which are that within a generation there will be fewer Jews west of the Jordan River than Palestinians, dictate that Israel divest itself of as many Palestinians as possible. Since it is folly to think that this can be achieved by the mass eviction of Palestinians from their current homes, surrendering political and military control of all or the greater part of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip is an Israeli imperative.

I have had thoughts similar to Russ Nieli's about how best to make Palestine/Israel a single country divided between two sovereign, federated states, and I would urge that his ideas be taken seriously. They are unconventional, as are those expressed in my article, but the Israeli-Palestinian conflict is itself an unconventional one, and routine thinking about such things as borders, sovereignty, and citizenship may provide no mutually satisfactory solutions to it.

Having said this, I will again concede that there may not be any mutually satisfactory solutions to this conflict, so that Israel will be forced in the end to act unilaterally. But before arriving at this conclusion, we owe it to ourselves to explore, if only in the realm of thought, other possibilities.

Education Blues

TO THE EDITOR:

Kay S. Hymowitz is mostly on the mark in "Tales of Suburban High" [June], but she brushes off too easily what she refers to as "the woeful influence of the religion of self-esteem" in America's schools. The indoctrination of educators in the self-esteem movement is at the heart of the problem.

When I became a public-high-school teacher a couple of years ago, I was told right off that raising student self-esteem is not merely *a* goal of education but the primary goal. There is no quicker way for a teacher to run afoul of (even well-meaning) administrators than to be accused of diminishing a student's self-esteem. This explains in large part why teachers waste time chatting up their charges. How better to make students feel empowered, while at the same time staying clear of the potentially hazardous exercise of actually teaching them something?

To my mind, there can be no meaningful school reform so long as the cult of self-esteem remains entrenched in our education establishment.

JONATHAN F. KEILER
Bowie, Maryland

TO THE EDITOR:

I wish to thank Kay S. Hymowitz for expressing what I have long observed in suburban high schools and for articulating the frustration felt by many dedicated teachers who try to instill a modicum of purposeful learning in their classrooms.

During the 32 years I taught in both public and private high schools, I witnessed the disintegration of respect both for education itself and for educators who could not compete with MTV. Teachers who set high standards were undermined by administrators who, in turn, were afraid of lawsuits by parents. One principal told me to think of students as our "clients" and to give them full latitude when they were tardy to class. Parents, meanwhile, acted as "helicopters," swooping in to rescue their children at a moment's notice when assignments were deemed too challenging or rigorous.

Though I agree with Kay Hymowitz that "the ultimate culprits no doubt lie in our national character," I suggest that there is a specific cause of the chaos one encounters in the suburban high school: the perception that public education is "free" and therefore of little value. One does not value what one perceives to be getting for nothing.

JENENE STOOKESBERRY
Denver, Colorado

TO THE EDITOR:

In her insightful and troubling article, Kay S. Hymowitz catches the paradoxical nature of high-school life in a status-obsessed age. As she notes, the trend in pedagogy is toward treacly "edutainment" and meaningless affirmations of self-esteem, while curricula tend toward dumbed-down mediocrity. Yet the most promising students are overscheduled and overstressed, racing from one extracurricular enrichment to another in a world that seems to them viciously competitive. How can these seemingly contradictory phenomena coexist?

To begin with, as America's top universities became national institutions, and as standardized testing made it easier to identify the nation's best students, elite colleges began to monopolize the enrollment of America's most intelligent young people, thus increasing the pressure for achievement in high school—but *only for the very best students*.

The ordinary student who slacks his way through high school and matriculates at Southwest State is performing as expected. But the exceptional student will miss out on real opportunities if he does not amass the course credits, grade-point average, and résumé needed to gain admission to a top college. Given the benefits of graduating from such colleges, these high-potential students inevitably feel intense pressure to perform.

It should be added that many of today's brightest students are the offspring of high-achieving parents produced by the postwar American meritocracy. A dad with an engineering degree from Michigan and a mom with an MBA from Penn State quite naturally hope that

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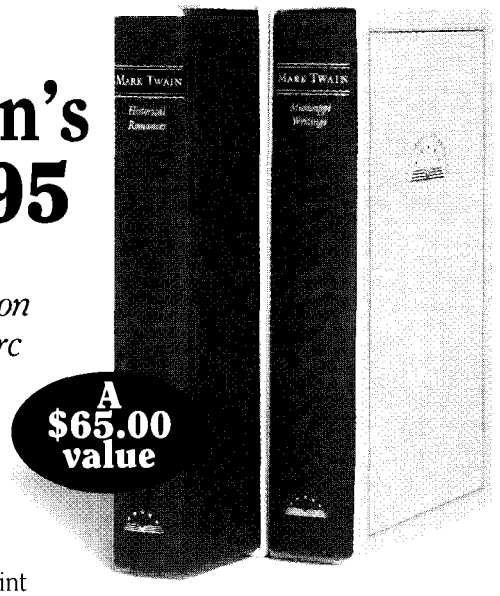

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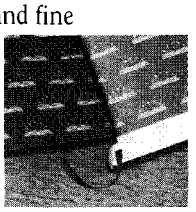

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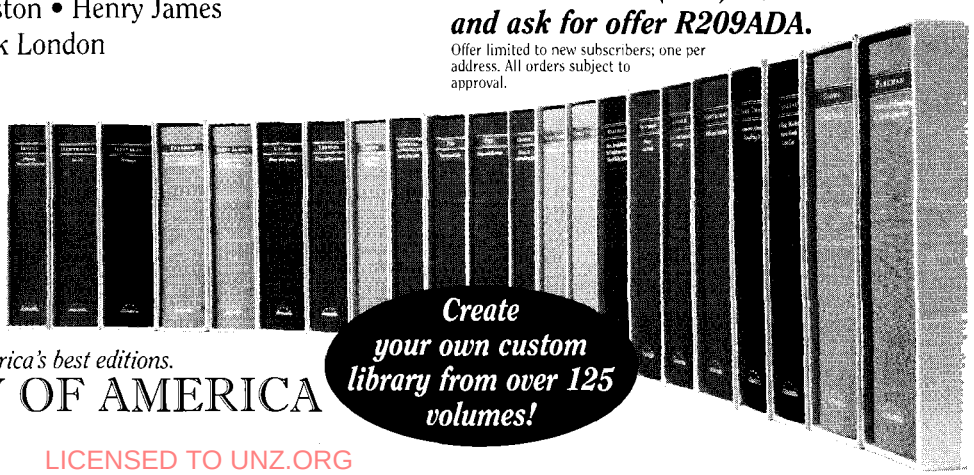

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one or more of their offspring will attend Harvard, Yale, or Princeton. The parents' socioeconomic advantages lend a certain weight to their expectations, and they are likely to react harshly if anything seems to threaten those expectations. Having paid top dollar for a home in a community with supposedly good public schools, they feel shortchanged if the school itself appears to impede the fulfillment of their dreams, and they distribute blame accordingly.

ROBERT STACY MCCAIN
Washington, D.C.

KAY S. HYMOWITZ writes:

My correspondents accept the sorry picture of our "good" schools that emerges from the two books discussed in my essay, but offer three entirely different explanations for it. For Jonathan F. Keiler, the culprit is self-esteem; for Jenene Stookesberry, it is the fact that education is free; and for Robert Stacey McCain, it is that a brutally meritocratic system separates the high-achieving Ivy League wheat from the slacker, Southwest State chaff.

To begin with this last point, though I find Mr. McCain's description of a two-tiered student body basically correct, I wonder how it explains the dumbed-down curriculum many of our suburban children are snoozing through these days. For one thing, even elite students are getting a heavy dose of "edutainment." (In my article I mentioned one example from the book *Doing School*, where an AP American-history student receives an A+ for a multi-media extravaganza owing more to Hollywood than to the historian Richard Hofstadter.) For another, why is it not possible to give students a serious education even if they are not going to Princeton? Is there some reason students headed for Southwest State should not be required to read *The Scarlet Letter* instead of watching the movie?

Jenene Stookesberry contends that people will not respect education as long as it is free. This strikes me as simply untrue. People often have and still do take a free education seriously; think of the legion of immigrants who saw the public schools as the only sure route into mainstream American society. Moreover, some of the problems she confronted in her decades of teaching—the tendency to treat students as clients and the intrusive over-protectiveness of parents—surely would not be solved simply by having people pay for their children to go to school. In fact, one could imagine they might even get worse, especially if parents felt they were not getting their money's worth.

As for Mr. Keiler, far be it from me to underestimate the disastrous effects of the dogma of self-esteem. It is a scourge. Still, do we really want to make it the sole explanation for our education ills? The list of causes behind the poor state of our schools is already copious: lawsuits, "edutainment," a mediocre teacher pool, American pragmatism, unsupportive parents, MTV, poorly socialized children, multiculturalism. These, I fear, are enough to keep us busy for a long time to come.

Correction

In David Gelernter's "Judaism Beyond Words: Part 2" (September), a statement by Rabbi A. I. Kook on page 42, column 2 was wrongly dated to 1967; in fact the statement was made decades earlier. We regret the error.

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IN THE CURRENT ISSUE OF *PARTISAN REVIEW*:

"There is always a Golden Age, the one not ours, the one that was or will be. One's own time is never satisfactory, except to the very rich or the smugly oblivious. It is doubtful that high art, in strict opposition to mass culture, will ever return: the two are inextricably intermingled, whether by sly allusion in *The Simpsons,* or in Philip Roth's dazzling demotic voice."

— Cynthia Ozick

In the Coming Issue:

Leszek Kolakowski on Collective Identity

Bernard Avishai on The Young Koestler

Lawrence Langer on Lustig & Others

John Patrick Diggins on the Enlightenment

Walter Laqueur on Victor Serge

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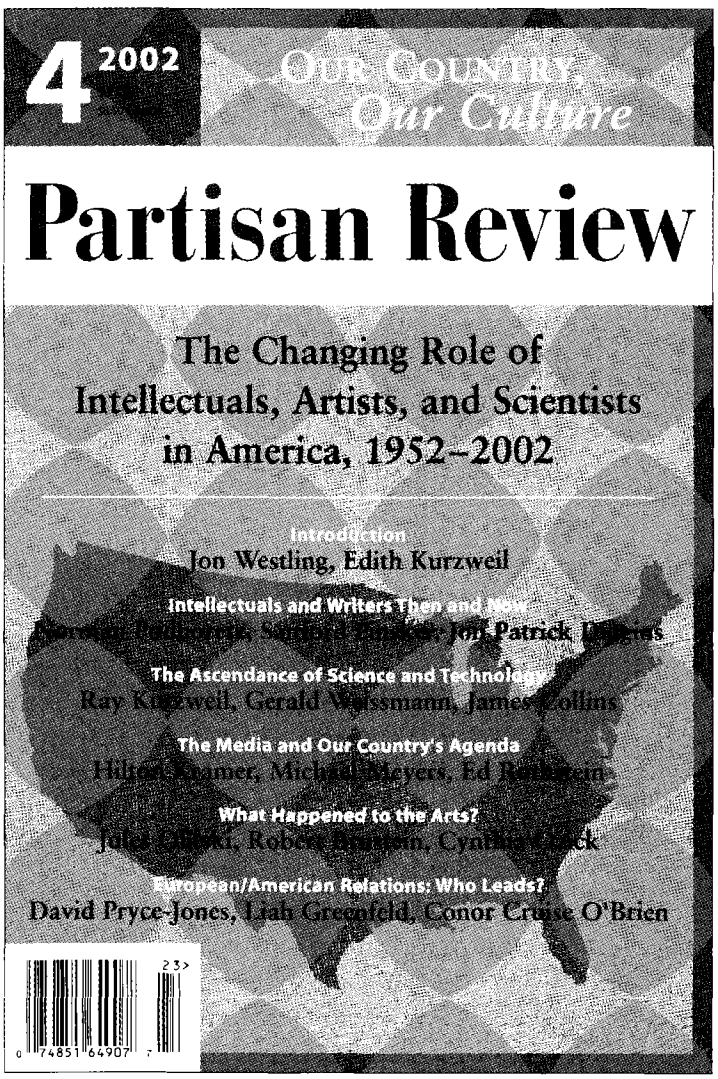
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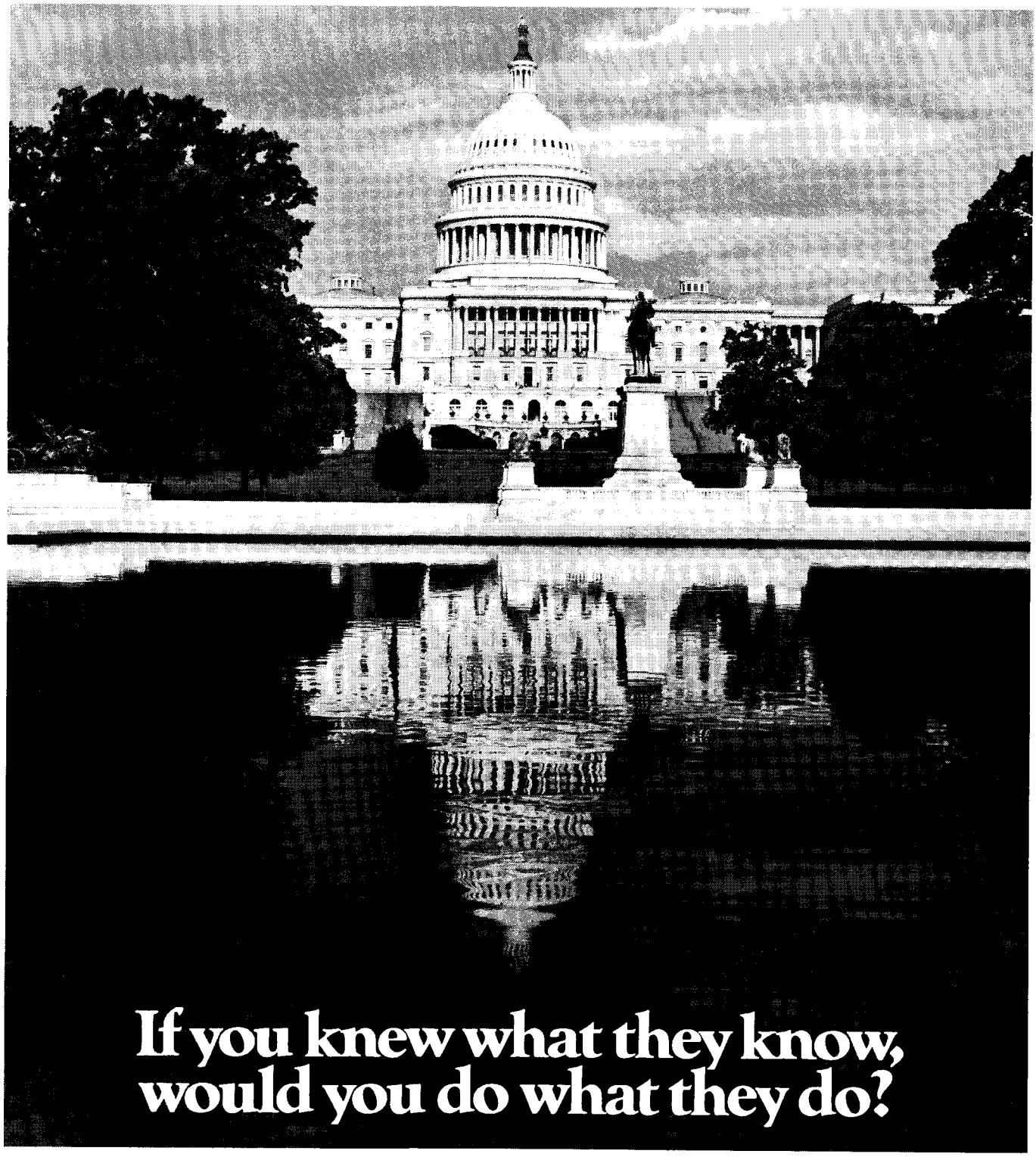

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Commentary
October 2002

Goodbye to Europe?

Victor Davis Hanson

In the aftermath of the catastrophe that struck the United States last September 11, few things can have been more dismaying to Americans than the attitude adopted by many of our closest European allies, whose sympathy for the loss of life was quickly replaced by skepticism, if not outright hostility, toward American motives and American policy. The ensuing months seem only to have heightened rather than diminished their animosity.

In the recent election campaign in Germany, Chancellor Gerhard Schroeder volubly parted ways with us and our proposed "adventure" in Iraq, promising his countrymen a "German way" of dealing with global crises—perhaps oblivious to the unfortunate historical echoes this phrase still awakens among millions of Americans. British Labor politicians, ostensibly worried about a conflagration that would draw the United Kingdom into an unending American-led war in the Middle East, have deprecated George W. Bush as an ignorant simpleton ("The most intellectually backward American President of my political lifetime," writes Labor MP Gerald Kaufman). French commentators, for their part, are more apt to call Bush a cowboy than Saddam Hussein an outlaw.

Victor Davis Hanson, *who contributed "Our Enemies, the Saudis" to our July-August issue, is Shifrin visiting professor of military history at the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis and the author most recently of* An Autumn of War *(Anchor Books). The views expressed here are his own and do not necessarily reflect those of the Academy.*

If the fear of Russian tanks used to unite America and Europe, are differences over everything from greenhouse gases and Yasir Arafat now to divide us? Josef Joffe, the editor of the German weekly *Die Zeit*, downplayed this already simmering hostility last year in an influential, pre-September-11 essay in the *National Interest*. Dismissing European snipings as a species of "neo-ganging up," Joffe noted that most Europeans talk one way but tend to act another, and recommended that the U.S. apply a little cosmetic diplomacy to soothe ruffled Continental feathers. But now it is a year after September 11, and the anti-American mood seems quite firmly entrenched, deriving less from anything we have done—Americans have not used their imperial power to acquire territory since the Spanish-American war—than from a perception of who we purportedly are: flag-waving, gun-toting, SUV-driving, MTV-watching, minority-electrocuting, Big-Mac-chomping boors running amok in the world.

In the absence of in-depth surveys it is difficult to gauge the prevalence of unease among our European allies or its incidence across countries, classes, and groups. Most often, evidence of animus comes to us anecdotally—Frenchmen protesting McDonald's restaurants, Greeks booing during a commemorative silence in a soccer stadium at the news of September 11, Berliners demonstrating against President Bush's visit to Germany, and a chorus of pundits warning us against any assault on

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Saddam Hussein. But we are also reminded that Britain, for example, showed remarkable solidarity with the United States in Afghanistan and might do so again in Iraq, notwithstanding the unprecedented venom that pours forth from much of the English journalistic and academic elite, and at least one Europe-wide poll taken in early September showed conditional support for an invasion of Iraq.

What seems beyond denial is that, from the Atlantic coast to the Balkans, there has been a rise in the level of truculence. Scandinavians to the north seem as mistrustful of the United States as do the Mediterranean peoples of Greece, France, and Spain. Has a Palestinian child been hit by a stray Israeli missile? American F-16's are to blame. Is Europe racked by floods? They are the effect of global warming, set loose by a Kyoto-boycotting America. In the United States itself, has Mumia Abu-Jamal been condemned as a murderer by a jury of his peers and sent to death row? Paris in recompense will make the convicted killer an honorary citizen of the city.

The new anti-Americanism also seems to bridge the usual ideological fault lines. Leftists and socialists indict us for the death penalty, guns, the lack of universal health care, and grasping corporations. Right-wing clerics and nationalists join them in bemoaning the perversion of traditional European culture as the result of American advertising and hucksterism. In Greece, an Orthodox priest can prove more virulently anti-American than a die-hard socialist—and for reasons that transcend our having ousted from power his fellow Eastern Orthodox Christian, Slobodan Milosevic. The more the European masses appear to be hooked on American popular culture, the more bitterly their elites decry the U.S. as the profitable but cynical pusher.

As for governments, no less indisputable is that most of them have greeted with disapproval or distaste nearly every major American foreign-policy initiative of the past two years—our walking out of the Durban conference on racism, our dismissal of the Kyoto accords, our cancellation of the ABM treaty with the former Soviet Union, our reference to an identifiable "axis of evil," our strong support for democratic Israel and disparagement of the corrupt Palestinian Authority, our refusal of International Criminal Court jurisdiction over American GI's, and our advocacy of capital punishment for al Qaeda murderers. The doubts and suspicions expressed by European officialdom encourage more extreme voices to broadcast their invective with a new aggressiveness. Long before September 11, Polly Toynbee, a columnist for the *Guardian*, wrote an essay—"America the Horrible is Now Turning into a Pariah"—concluding that the United States was itself "an evil empire" and a "rogue state" that had to be "reeled in." A week *after* September 11, another *Guardian* columnist assured her readers that "It is perfectly possible to condemn the terrorist action and dislike the U.S. just as much as you did before the World Trade Center went down."

Conversations with individual Europeans only confirm the attitudes expressed by governments and media. From recent visits to Europe and a number of daily communications from acquaintances abroad, I can attest that many Europeans take an almost perverse delight in the spectacle of a U.S. so estranged from the universal opinion of mankind and so unpopular from Asia to Latin America. "Welcome to the real world," one Greek academic scoffed to me at dinner, as he explained that Americans cannot "have it both ways, ducking out on UN conferences and then strong-arming allies for your war against terror."

WHERE DOES the new anti-Americanism come from, and what does it mean? In an incisive and far-reaching essay that has been much discussed in Europe and elsewhere, Robert Kagan has dissected the growing European antipathy and pinpointed its source ("Power and Weakness," *Policy Review*, June-July). Fundamentally, Kagan writes, the distrust arises from insecurity and envy that are in turn grounded in the present imbalance of military power—an often embarrassing disparity that has driven the much weaker Europeans to look to their own safety in means other than armed strength, and correlatively to fear and censure the deployment of armed strength by others: mainly, us.

"Today's transatlantic problem," Kagan writes, "is not a George Bush problem":

> It is a power problem. American strength has produced a propensity to use that strength. Europe's military weakness has produced a perfectly understandable aversion to the exercise of military power.

Or as Jesse Helms more crudely remarked of Europe's preference for talk and mediation at the expense of military action, "The European Union could not fight its way out of a wet paper bag."

There is clearly much to be said for this realist reading of the growing crisis. Our planes, carriers, and divisions dwarf theirs; and this asymmetry not

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only skews our ability to conduct joint operations with Europeans but also creates resentment on their part and superciliousness on ours. Jealousy among states always arises among the weak toward the strong, and so it makes sense that a generalized resentment and its attendant fears, rather than specific gripes over American "exceptionalism" and "unilateralism," could be the true cause of European discontent.

Compounding this umbrage, as Francis Fukuyama has pointed out in a recent public lecture, is surely the fact that Europe's relative impotence has nothing to do with a lack of intrinsic material resources. The European Union (EU) will soon outstrip us in the size both of its economy ($10 trillion to our $7 trillion) and its population (375 million to our 280 million). But still it continues to spend only a third the amount of our outlays on defense ($130 billion to our current $300 billion annually and rising). European weapons programs have not been evolving at anywhere near the same pace as nonmilitary research and development, not to mention expenditures on social welfare. Their various national military schools, while illustrious, cannot compare with West Point, Annapolis, and Colorado Springs in size, sense of mission, or resources, much less with our academies' ability to capture the élan of contemporary young Americans. In Europe, military enlistment is not seen as an avenue either toward social advancement or toward national service but as somehow antithetical to the humane and pacific place that the EU is slated by its utopian charter to become.

It is hardly unheard of for states that are themselves well heeled and yet lack commensurate military resources to adopt a lower profile and to use guile, stealth, or money to fend off potential bullies. And so, in lieu of the capacity to airlift divisions to Afghanistan, bomb Iraq from carrier task forces, or present wayward regimes like Pakistan with ultimatums, frustrated Europeans have put their faith, mistakenly or not, in international bodies like the United Nations and the International Criminal Court, while pretending not to notice that American power alone is what has permitted them to dream that they inhabit a global fairyland of reasonable people.

When it comes to what we should do about this growing divide, most thoughtful analysts maintain that it behooves us as a truly mighty nation to act with maturity. Ignoring our allies' ankle-biting and shrill charges of "brinkmanship," we should concentrate instead on areas of real mutual concern and advantage, and encourage the Europeans to build up their own muscle through a greater investment in defense. After all, the argument goes, the bases we maintain in Germany, Spain, Italy, and Greece are critical to the worldwide projection of American power, even as the intellectual machinery of the European press and media is essential to the crafting of popular support in times of crisis. In a spirit of what might be called *puissance oblige*, we should strive to alleviate our weaker allies' fretfulness at the same time that we subtly mobilize them to assume a more assertive role that better serves our mutual purposes.

THIS ARGUMENT, to whose sweep I have not begun to do justice, is surely a persuasive one as far as it goes. But might there be additional and even more fundamental reasons for the perplexing European disavowal of force that so often manifests itself in visceral anti-Americanism? In particular, is it really true that the present tension between the U.S. and Europe results largely from a disproportion of power, and that the way to mitigate it is to begin to redress the imbalance?

My own feeling is otherwise: that the current state of transatlantic tension, far from being a temporary artifact of power relations, is the more natural condition between us—a strain based on our radically different cultures and histories and hence unlikely to be dissipated by bigger defense budgets there or more sensitive diplomats here. And my guess is that this condition is likely only to worsen.

Forgotten in the present anguish over European attitudes is our own age-old suspicion of the Old Country, a latent distrust that once again is slowly reemerging in the face of European carping. It helps to recall that, for millions of Americans, doubts about Europe were once not merely fanciful but often entirely empirical. In my own, hardly atypical family, both Europe and Japan were seen as not very nice places that for selfish reasons started wars, drew us in, and tended to take Hansons and Davises away from their small vineyards and orchards, only to return them a year or two later dead, maimed, or crazed. At family dinners, "Europe" never meant vacations or the grand tour but evoked gruesome stories about poison gas, "rolling" with Patton, or having one's head exploded at Normandy Beach.

To some of us, then, the 50-year cold war was not a dress rehearsal for a perpetual American military alliance with Western Europe but another of those emergency life-and-death struggles that necessitated the temporary stationing of American troops on European soil. When the cold war ended ten years ago, should this not have brought us back

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to the more normal condition of the past? Since there was no longer an overwhelming threat to Europe that the Europeans could not handle, was there a need for a formal American presence in Continental affairs at all?

These old American prejudices may no longer be shared by the elites who make our policy, but they are not for that reason to be dismissed. As it happens, such mistrusts are themselves deeply rooted in essential faultlines between the American sense of self and the European. Those differences lie in our separate histories and national characters, our different demographies, our different cultures, our different approaches to questions of class and economic mobility, our different conceptions of the individual and society, our different visions of the good life and of democracy—and our very different attitudes toward projecting outward our versions of freedom. All these historic antitheses may better explain the current acrimony than an imbalance of power—often more an epiphenomenon than the cause of rifts among nations.

Volumes have been written on each of these subjects, but we can agree on the fundamental elements of American exceptionalism. The experience of the frontier encouraged a sense of self-reliance and helped to define morality in terms of action rather than rhetoric. Having no history of monarchy, fascism, or Communism, we retain our founders' original optimism about republican government, considering it not only critical to our own singular success but a form of political organization that should be emulated by others. The absence of a common race and religion encouraged us to treasure a necessary allegiance to common ideas and values, an allegiance that has so far outlasted the attenuating doctrines of multiculturalism and "diversity." That refugees from around the world and especially the unwanted of Europe itself not only survived in an inhospitable country but created history's greatest civilization in the course of a mere century is testament to the revolutionary success of American democratic culture, a society that today morphs newly arrived Koreans into NASCAR fans, transmogrifies Hmong into Country & Western addicts, and allows the children of illegal aliens to become Ph.D.'s, electrical engineers, and newspaper columnists.

An American might well contend on the basis of recent history and the present state of world affairs that his confident doctrine, so often antithetical to Europe's, is by far the superior: far better not only for him, but for the world as a whole. Scholarship and practical experience alike demonstrate why, just as immigrants have consistently voted with their feet by flooding our shores, so too hundreds of millions around the globe, including among Europe's own peoples, have voted with their stomachs for the fruits of American material abundance and with their remote controls for the raw energy of American popular culture.

But that is a long argument that we need not stop to adjudicate. The essential point is this: American strength and European weakness are not just a temporary manifestation of our spending more on guns and accepting less in social services, while they insist on state help at the expense of navies and armies. Thanks to our physical size and natural riches, our dizzying diversity, and our belief that success is more often to be predicated on talent and hard work than on ingrained social and class hierarchies, we have become a nation *both* enormously rich and, especially, strong. With military power and economic force in service to singular values and ideas, we could not be cynical or faltering even if we wished to, or at least not for long. Seeing things in black and white is part and parcel of our aspiration to be moral—as much our national glue as our very optimism and aggressiveness.

In short, far more fundamental than the absence of European military resources and its queer ramifications is the issue of *why* we, and not they, have power, and how and why we are willing to use it in ways they would not. If we gave the Europeans fifteen carriers and twenty divisions tomorrow, we and they would still be at odds. Turn over to them our entire multibillion-dollar B-2 fleet, and it would be mothballed or sold for scrap while we continued as we could with our incorrigible habit of feeding Somalis, freeing Panamanians, liberating Kuwaitis—and, when necessary, patrolling the Mediterranean. The long list of their complaints against us that I enumerated early on—in essence, grievances against who we purportedly are rather than what we do—unconsciously pays tribute to these indelible facts.

SEPTEMBER 11 has awakened America in ways we still are not quite sure of. But as far as Europe is concerned, it seems more than possible that we are coming to the end of a relationship born out of the unusual circumstances of the 20th century. Our diplomats and politicians, who so often travel to and are educated in Europe, are just now starting to worry about this growing specter of estrangement, but I suspect that large numbers of Americans have not only taken it in stride but accepted it as inevitable.

It makes a certain sense that the EU has staked its future to international accords and its own ability to

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persuade or cajole frightening regimes in Asia and Africa. One need not be altogether cynical about this: Europe's military unpreparedness is in fact an inescapable problem, and Europeans have plenty to be anxious about. Without the Atlantic and Pacific to serve as buffers, only a few hundred miles separate a largely weak Continent from the lunocracies in Algeria and Libya, while Syria, Iran, and Iraq are within missile range. Rising and unassimilated populations in England, France, and Germany round out the causes of European angst. Still, it is hard to believe that any of these threats could not be handled by a united Europe itself.

As for the dangers from within—lest we forget, another of the purposes of NATO was to inhibit the aggressive impulses of any one European country, especially Germany, against any other, specifically France—here, too, cynicism is uncalled for. Given Western Europe's turbulent past, farsighted diplomats are to be congratulated for uniting such a disparate group of nations under the aegis of some sort of federation, and for avoiding a major war within Western Europe for more than a half-century. But it is hard to believe that, if their achievement is genuine, and not simply the result of a common cold-war enemy, the United States is needed to guarantee it; or that, if it breaks down, the United States would be able to fix it.

Hardest of all to accept in our current circumstances is that our European allies would or could join *us* in any meaningful way in sustained military operations abroad that involve real costs and risks. Indeed, we may be one unilateral action away from the de-facto dissolution of NATO. Should the United States end up going it alone in Iraq while Europe remonstrates, and should it succeed both in removing Saddam Hussein from power and in fostering some sort of consensual government there, domestic support among Americans for any future military campaign to aid a European power is likely to be drastically diminished. In such a world, and whatever action we took on our own or with de-facto allies, the very idea of Americans ever again leading a NATO crusade to banish a marauder like Milosevic seems preposterous.

The onus to preserve the status quo of the present alliance thus lies not on the American people, who may be returning to a time-honored and reasonable consensus about Europe, but on those, including among our leaders, who believe Europe still merits a special relationship at all. By any objective standard, we have long ago ceased being members of a true partnership, and it may be time to accept that reality and move on. Who knows? After our separation, when we are no longer sworn allies, we might even become better friends.

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On Ignoring Anti-Semitism

Ruth R. Wisse

"HITLER IS dead." In April 1945, a headline containing those three words might have heralded the collapse of Nazi Germany and the beginning of the end of World War II. This past May, appearing on the cover of the *New Republic*, the same words ridiculed the "ethnic panic of the Jews." In the lead essay, Leon Wieseltier, the magazine's literary editor, charged that American Jews, spooked by the history of Jewish persecution, were stoking unwarranted and apocalyptic fears by comparing the Arab war against Israel with Hitler's earlier war against the Jews. The first requirement of security, he advised his readers, was not to imagine the worst on the basis of historical precedent but to "see clearly" the situation of the present.

The article provoked a number of rebuttals, and also a number of strong defenses. In the words of the historian Tony Judt, one of its defenders, Wieseltier had "elegantly dissected those frissons of existential angst in which some in the American Jewish community are wont to indulge themselves." Wieseltier's call for clarity is thus as good a starting point as any to ask whether we have made much progress since Hitler in understanding the political phenomenon that he represented.

Not that Hitler was by any means the first politician in Europe to fulminate against the Jews; but it is certainly true that no one before him had ever organized so radical a political platform. Still, during the years that he was consolidating his power, the majority of European Jews, unwilling or unable to fathom what his policy signified, or how it would be implemented, did not seem to fear him *sufficiently*. Rather than manifesting the kind of "ethnic panic" that Wieseltier ascribes to their American coreligionists today, they stand retrospectively accused by many historians of having minimized or ignored Hitler's menace until it was too late. Indeed, the same accusation has been extended to that generation's American Jews as well, who have been reproached for failing either to recognize the danger in time or to do what they could to help their beleaguered coreligionists.

We have, then, a variety of possibilities. It could be that the "panic" of today's Jews is an overcompensation for past negligence. It could be, contrarily, that the myopic Jews of the 1930's have finally been blessed with perfect vision, and that yesterday's Mister Magoo has become today's Ted Williams. Or it could simply be, as Wieseltier would have it, that Nazi anti-Semitism is so different in kind from the Arab variety that what would have been a proper response in the former case is improper in the latter. Since Wieseltier's article calls into question "the new recognition of the *reality* of anti-Semitism" (emphasis added), it would help to establish whether there is, today, a major threat to the Jewish people.

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The Arab war against Israel has been going on since before the Jewish state was established in 1948, but lately there have been significant changes in its scope, its nature, and the degree of international support it enjoys. Until fairly recently, Arab rulers who exerted despotic or autocratic control over their populations kept the lid on armed aggression issuing from their territory. Now, however, radical ideologies and terrorist tactics against Israeli Jews seem to be dominating Arab politics as never before, while in liberal and academic circles everywhere in the West, as well as in the chancelleries of Europe, blame for this state of affairs has fallen largely on the state of Israel itself.

The avant-garde of anti-Israel radicalism has long been the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO), the bastard offspring of the Arab world's insistence that the Palestinian people be kept demonstrably homeless as permanent evidence of Jewish culpability. The terrorist groups comprising the PLO, and their multiplying rivals, were given unique license by their fellow Arabs to intimidate, to extort, and to kill. Over time, they served their handlers superbly well, doing far greater harm to Israel than all the Arab military assaults combined.

Unlike the Germans who unleashed their war against the Jews under cover of a wider European conflict, the Arab nations, through the PLO, placed the destruction of Israel explicitly at the heart of their mission. The PLO's charter, a public document, defines the Jews as "not a people with an independent identity," branding them as colonial occupiers of land that belongs eternally to the Palestinian people, and their state as an illegitimate "entity" that needs to be eliminated. On these grounds, the PLO not only claimed the moral right to kill Jews but turned their murder into a sacred cause. And this, as the historian Michael Oren has pointed out, does mark one difference between German and Arab anti-Semitism, albeit a difference suggesting that the Arab variety is worse:

> For all the kudos discreetly given SS killers by the regime, Nazi Germany never publicly lionized them, never plastered their pictures on the streets, or openly encouraged children to emulate them. That kind of adoration for mass murderers can only be found, in abundance, among the Palestinians.

In the light of this adoration, indeed, it has become more and more difficult to maintain the distinction between anti-Semitism and anti-Zionism, with the latter defined as "merely" a political-territorial objection to the state of Israel as the homeland of the Jewish people. Rather, contemporary anti-Zionism has absorbed all the stereotypes and foundational texts of fascist and Soviet anti-Semitism and applied them to the Middle East. Every stratum of Arab society, from top to bottom, has been nourished on the myth of Israel's illegitimacy, and has been encouraged to express its loyalties through aggressive hostility to the Jewish people and its land.

The dissemination of anti-Jewish propaganda by and within Arab and Muslim societies has lately been swifter than the spread of the Internet. As anyone can discover by punching in the relevant keywords in any major library system, Arabic translations of all the major works of European anti-Semitism have been supplemented by an immense new body of original literature defaming Israel and the Jews. As long ago as 1986, Bernard Lewis could write in Commentary that certain Arab countries were the only places in the world "where hard-core, Nazi-style anti-Semitism is publicly and officially endorsed and propagated." Since then, Arab propagandists have been working hard to expand and revitalize the tradition. The sincerity and the steadfastness of this genocidal hostility, proliferating through the press, the visual media, literature, and the schools, are much greater in Arab lands than they ever were in pre-Hitler Europe—which had, after all, a contrary liberal tradition and at least the rudiments of a modern democratic culture. And now, thanks in part to Muslim immigrants, this same hostility has found its way back to the heartland of the very Europe where it originated.

Without citing all the other evidence that anti-Jewish politics is visibly on the rise in Europe, and even in scattered precincts in the United States,* I would therefore suggest that, on the question of the threat itself, Wieseltier has things backward. So obvious is this threat that we should ask why the reality had to wait *so long* for its "new recognition." But there is an answer to that question as well, and it leads directly to the real gravamen of Wieseltier's article.

Palestinian bombings inside Israel and political/diplomatic assaults against the state's right to exist escalated dramatically after September 2000, when Yasir Arafat, unleashing the very kind of violence that under the Oslo accords he had solemnly undertaken to quell, launched the second

* The evidence has been abundantly documented. In Commentary, see, for example, Hillel Halkin, "The Return of Anti-Semitism" (February 2002); Gabriel Schoenfeld, "Israel and the Anti-Semites" (June 2002); and Michel Gurfinkiel, "France's Jewish Problem" (July-August 2002).

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Palestinian *intifada*. The first *intifada*, between 1987 and 1993, had claimed 160 Israeli lives. The second killed more than three times as many in twenty months, with thousands of wounded as a result of the explosives that had replaced the knives and stones that were the earlier weapons of choice.

But it was not until a year after the terrorist outbreaks in Israel that the American media and a significant proportion of American Jewry began to air anxieties about anti-Semitism. The reason clearly had to do with an intervening event: namely, September 11. President Bush set a new tone for the nation when he spoke before Congress of "a country awakened to danger and called to defend freedom." Although the President drew no analogy between the unprovoked assault on America and escalating Arab attacks against Israeli Jews, it was then that many observers began to think harder about the correspondence between the two types of terror.

At a Washington rally for Israel in April of this year, said to be the largest pro-Israel gathering ever held in the United States, most speakers, Jewish and non-Jewish alike, linked solidarity with Israel to America's war on terror. Representing the government of Israel, Deputy Prime Minister Natan Sharansky saluted the President's determination to wage a global battle against a common enemy. William J. Bennett, who in the wake of 9/11 had founded an organization called Americans for Victory Over Terrorism, pointed to the Holocaust Museum just a few blocks away and said: "What we are seeing today, what Israel is feeling today, was not supposed to happen again." Just as the attack on America had triggered memories of Pearl Harbor, the atrocities in Israel had begun to evoke the mass murders of European Jewry.

Drawing this analogy most insistently was the journalist and critic Ron Rosenbaum, who warned in the *New York Observer* of a possible "second Holocaust" at the hands of the Arabs should they ever get their hands on weapons of mass destruction. As for the origin of that ominous phrase, "second Holocaust," Rosenbaum traced it back to Philip Roth's 1993 novel, *Operation Shylock*, where a character opines that "Arafat's final solution is the same as Hitler's: extermination," and then urges Israelis to seek safety in a Europe where (in the judgment of this same fictional character) memory of the Holocaust still acts as a bulwark against anti-Semitism.

Roth in 1993 was only toying with this incongruous idea. But Rosenbaum, ten years later, finds Roth's dark fantasy much too optimistic. Europe's own recent outbreaks of anti-Jewish violence persuade him that there is likely to be another attempt to destroy the Jewish people; the question for him "is not 'whether,' but *when*."

THIS WAS the trigger that set off Wieseltier's tirade. He describes the emotional condition of American Jews in the following language:

> The community is sunk in excitability, in the imagination of disaster. There is loss of intellectual control. Death is at every Jewish door. Fear is wild. Reason is derailed. Anxiety is the supreme proof of authenticity. Imprecise and inflammatory analogies abound. Holocaust imagery is everywhere.

As it happens, however, none of the evidence Wieseltier adduces in support of this claim can compete with the claim itself for sheer "excitability." Apart from the Washington rally, and a number of other initiatives to advocate Israel's cause and help the victims of terror there, American Jews have been going about their business as usual, manifesting no more visible panic than has been apparent among American citizens in general in the long months after 9/11. When Boston's Jewish Community Relations Council scheduled a rally last May to coincide with the day of Holocaust remembrance, it drew only about 1,000 persons in a city of a quarter of a million Jews. The Jewish press has reported no protest suicides, no burning barricades, not even a canceled vacation.

What, then, explains Wieseltier's own overreaction? Primarily, his objection to any analogizing of European and Arab anti-Semitism would seem to rest less on issues of accuracy than on issues of political utility. In his analysis, invoking the Holocaust is a means of exaggerating the degree of hostility to Israel, and this in turn promotes and justifies a hard line against concessions to the Palestinians. The Nazi analogy, in short, denies the possibility of the "peace process." As Wieseltier writes:

> If you think that the Passover massacre [of 28 Jews in Netanya] was like Kristallnacht [November 9, 1938, the night of multiple Nazi pogroms against the Jews of Germany], then you must think that there cannot be a political solution to the conflict, and that the Palestinians have no legitimate rights or legitimate claims upon any part of the land, and that there must never be a Palestinian state, and that force is all that will ever avail Israel.

Is Wieseltier right about *this*? Have the Jews fallen victim to a self-fulfilling prophecy, missing the chance for reconciliation with today's Arabs by in-

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sisting on portraying them as yesterday's Nazis? After all, if it were possible to temper Arab hostility by, for example, withdrawing from the disputed territories and encouraging the creation of an Arab Palestinian state, might this not go a long way toward reaching the "peace" that Israel says it has been seeking for many long years? Would not a more forthcoming Jewish policy induce a more receptive Arab policy in turn?

The argument is, alas, all too familiar. It is exactly what produced the Oslo accords, which were designed to lead to the very settlement between Israelis and Palestinians that Wieseltier now envisions as if for the first time. In 1993, a mere nine years ago, the government of Israel invited Yasir Arafat back from exile and transferred administrative power over parts of the disputed territories to a newly appointed Palestinian Authority, expecting it to become the nucleus of an independent Arab state. At that time, the majority of American Jews, Wieseltier assertively among them, hailed the Oslo accords as the road to peace, and many actively lobbied Washington on behalf of the PLO.

The most revealing section of Wieseltier's narrative is thus the one that is missing. No one reading his words about ethnic panic would ever guess that American Jewish celebrants of the peace process had so recently danced the hora in honor of Yasir Arafat on the White House lawn. If there has indeed been a "loss of intellectual control," it is not the one that Wieseltier attributes to today's nervous Jews but that earlier orgy of hope, based as it was on political calculations that had no proven models, and on trust in those who had least earned it.

Wieseltier's failure even to mention a seminal course of events at such extreme odds with his own recitation of recent history suggests less an oversight than a cover-up, an attempt to dodge responsibility for a catastrophically misconceived policy. This is no doubt why some diehard champions of the Oslo "process" have so eagerly seized on his *New Republic* article. "A Bracing Response to Current Hysteria," exulted the columnist Leonard Fein, a founding member of Peace Now and, for over two decades, an enthusiastic promoter of concessions to Arafat who has yet to account for the gap between his predictions and their results. Similar obeisance was paid by Tony Judt, who as an expert in modern European history has repeatedly likened Israel's occupation of the West Bank and Gaza to the French colonization of Algeria and attributed the lack of "credible Palestinian interlocutors" to Israel's own imperious behavior ever since its "hubris-inducing victory" of 1967.

To hold the Jews responsible for the aggression against them, as Judt does; to affirm the peaceful intentions of Arab terrorists, as Fein does; to transform American Jews who recently pimped for the PLO into paranoid hysterics of the Right, as Wieseltier does, is to disfigure political reality beyond recognition. Even if the Jews were the most rotten and misguided people on earth, they do not number 280 million in nationality (let alone one billion in religious affiliation); they have not organized *their* politics around the destruction of 21 Arab countries, or trained a generation of suicide bombers to achieve that goal; they have not used the United Nations as a medium for spreading a genocidal ideology around the globe, or their synagogues to preach "death to the Arabs!" Jews did not bomb America in the name of the Torah, or foment anti-Muslim sentiment throughout Europe.

It is certainly true that memories of the Holocaust and invocations of anti-Semitism can be used to justify militancy. They can also be used to justify pacifism, appeasement, and much else besides.

Which brings us to another point of similarity between "then" and "now"—namely, the agitation among intellectuals not only over the relative significance of political anti-Semitism but also over the uses to which it is allegedly put by Jews themselves. During the 1930's, in the pages of the *New Republic* and elsewhere, a few Jewish intellectuals did track the danger to Jews in Europe and in Palestine, warning, in Ludwig Lewisohn's words, of "the pathological bloodthirstiness of the Nazi anti-Semitic campaign." But Lewisohn's was a minority voice. Most intellectuals urbanely mocked such apocalyptic scenarios, and some of the Jews among them worried lest their coreligionists exploit the whole issue either to further Zionist ambitions in Palestine or to resuscitate an "archaic" Jewish religion.

Today, too, when deadlier forms of anti-Semitism are on the rise, there is massive intellectual resistance to acknowledging the threat, and most political analysts still treat anti-Semitism like a hiccup that will soon give way to regular breathing. Tony Judt writes that the solution to the Israel-Palestine conflict is in plain sight: "Israel exists. The Palestinians and other Arabs will eventually accept this; many already do." He states this conclusion as though it complied with some obvious and inexorable logic, though he might as well be saying that fish will fly because they have fins and will eventually use them.

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As a European historian, Judt presumably knows that the Jews of Europe also "existed," and that by 1939 many, if not most, Germans and Austrians "already" accepted their existence. Nevertheless, a dedicated minority of motivated idealists was able to cleanse their countries of the blight within an astonishingly brief period of time. Today's situation is once again arguably worse: one no longer needs to hold mass rallies in Nuremberg to spread the sort of genocidal anti-Jewish propaganda that Egyptian television carries nightly to millions of homes, and preachers who call for holy struggle against Israel are no less committed than Judt is to *their* sense of the inevitable. This is not to say that the Arabs will succeed, any more than that the Germans and Austrians had to succeed; it means that one cannot dismiss anti-Semitism just because it offends one's sense of rational possibility.

Nor, on similar grounds, can one dismiss the possibility of Israel's physical defeat by its Arab and Muslim enemies just because its military power is for the moment unmistakably preponderant. Even greater powers—the United States, for one—have been defeated in palpably unequal contests with lesser but more determined forces. The suicide bomber is a strategic weapon of immense effectiveness for those who feel they have expendable populations; more crucially still, the possession, imminent or actual, of weapons of mass destruction on the part of nations that have already declared their eagerness to use them against the Jewish state changes the regional balance of power definitively. And much as Israel may resemble the United States in other respects, it cannot lose a war to its enemies and necessarily expect to survive. Observers like Judt who point to Israel's defensive capabilities as evidence that it has little to fear from Arab aggression are playing a cruel game of loading up the donkey to see how much it can carry before it collapses.

Judt's views—I focus on them because they may be taken to represent the liberal academic consensus—are interesting in another respect as well: they illustrate how anti-Semitism makes inroads into the liberal mindset. In the years immediately following the creation of Israel, when Arab hostility was expected to give way "eventually" to recognition and acceptance, Israel was the beneficiary of widespread liberal sympathy. The question Western liberals posed to themselves was: how long would it take before the Arabs came to their senses, relinquished their intransigence, and accepted the reality of a Jewish state? But the paradoxical truth is that, the longer and more energetically the Arabs continued their aggression, the costlier it became for others—ideologically, as well as politically or militarily—to defend Israel. As the hostility escalated, it turned neutral onlookers not against the aggressors but against their intended victims.

Anti-Semitism offends Western sensibilities because it is not amenable to the kind of reasoning that we believe is innate in human beings. ("Israel exists. The Palestinians and other Arabs will eventually accept this; many already do.") In attacking Jews, the anti-Semite also attacks, by proxy, the Western belief in tolerance, and the freedoms implicit in the Rights of Man. What is a good liberal to do? He knows hostility when he sees it, and he surely does not want it directed at himself. Since confronting Arab anti-Semitism would require confronting the entire Arab world, no less than confronting German anti-Semitism once meant confronting Germany itself, liberals and democrats find it much easier to blame the rising "anger" and "frustration" of the Arabs on *Israel's* intransigence, and to urge Israel to concede to them.

This helps explain why anti-Semitism began to be taken seriously only after the events of September 11. As long as Israel alone was being assaulted by terror and genocidal propaganda, there was little general credence in the idea that its destruction was the point at issue. But when nineteen homicidal Arabs coordinated a sophisticated attack on New York City and the Pentagon, it became harder to deny that something was afoot in the world that transcended "normal" international behavior. Once one is prepared to acknowledge that a given act of aggression is incommensurate with any offense that may have been given, terms like evil—and anti-Semitism—become permissible.

In the case of the so-called Arab-Israel conflict, to permit the concept of anti-Semitism into the discussion is to acknowledge that the origins of Arab opposition to the Jewish state are to be located in the political culture of the Arabs themselves, and that such opposition can end only if and when that political culture changes. For some supporters of the "peace process," this post-September 11 realization hit with the force of a revelation, and it has led to much salutary rethinking of former positions. For others, alas, it clearly remains a bridge too far.

"IS THE peril 'as great, if not greater' than the peril of the 1930's? I do not see it," writes Leon Wieseltier. The determination not to see it is what has helped make the peril greater.

Consider the case of Michael Kamber, a corre-

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spondent of the *Village Voice* who had been reporting from Pakistan just before the disappearance of Daniel Pearl. When Kamber learned of Pearl's kidnapping, he knew for a certainty that Pearl would be murdered, and he was simultaneously shaken by the realization that he himself, being the son of a Jewish father, might just as easily have been the victim. After the murder was confirmed, Kamber filed a belated column, a kind of obituary-report about this land "where anti-Semitism flows as easily as water."

Kamber's column describes Pakistan as a country of 140 million inhabitants, 98-percent Muslim and 75-percent illiterate, all of whom seem to be obsessed with Jewish iniquity:

> In interviews conducted while I was there, government officials would occasionally veer off into long diatribes about the Jews; fundamentalist religious leaders, who educate hundreds of thousands of children in the country's *madrassas*, spoke of little else. In Islamabad . . . an elderly mullah responsible for the education of hundreds of youngsters said, "To me [the bombing of the World Trade Center] seems the design of the Jewish lobby. The Jewish lobby wants to pit Islam against Christianity."

As Kamber tells the tale, Pakistan's uneducated populace, having no personal contact with Jews and no training in independent thought, takes its cues from religious and political authorities. Those authorities, unaccustomed to assuming any responsibility for the gross deficiencies of their society, blame the "Jews" for all that they need to explain away. No distinctions are made between Jews and Israel, or indeed between Israel and America—except when it is politically expedient to blame Jews for what is hateful about America, too. In such a climate, writes Kamber, now justifying his decision to hide his own half-Jewish identity, "to admit to being Jewish . . . would have been unthinkable."

This is a very significant admission. If the effect of anti-Semitism on Michael Kamber was to inhibit any mention of his Jewish identity to others while he was in Pakistan, its effect on his published journalism, up until this final act of intellectual penance, was to inhibit any mention of a huge and central fact of life in the society he was writing about. Western journalists are paid to report accurately on reality. But the very enormity of anti-Semitism—the fact that, in certain parts of the world, politicians and clerics turn abhorrence of Jews into an essential element of *their* reality—creates an inclination to turn away from it, if for no other reason than to retain the good will of the anti-Semites. Thus, in the name of maintaining "access," do American journalists affirm the power of dictators to control our putatively free and open press.

The problem transcends the case of Michael Kamber, and is again not a new one. When Arthur Hays Sulzberger took control of the *New York Times* in 1935, he seemed far more afraid of having it thought that he ran a "Jewish newspaper" than of the rise of Adolf Hitler. He believed that the threat of anti-Semitism was being used by some Jews as a political cover for a kind of nationalism he abhorred, and he instructed his city editor not to give "too much space" to the efforts of the American Jewish Committee to aid European Jews. When Zionist leaders charged him with failing to present the news impartially, he blamed *them* for turning him from a non-Zionist into an "anti-Zionist." In 1942 he wrote to Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver, chairman of the American Zionist Emergency Council, "I am opposed to Goebbels' tactics whether or not they are confined to Nazi Germany," equating Nazi pressure on the Jews of Germany with Rabbi Silver's pressure on him.

The effect of this was to upend the stated editorial principles of the *Times*. Ostensibly, the family wanted the paper to remain evenhanded and free of bias, by which it meant that it would not allow its own Jewish origins to dictate favorable coverage of the Jews. But in practice the paper carried this to the point of *creating* bias: lest it be accused of favoring the views of one side, it banned all letters to the editor concerning Hitler in the years that he was coming to power. The Ochs-Sulzbergers also believed that, since the Jews were not a people—the very claim that would one day be enshrined in the charter of the PLO—they were not in need of a Jewish homeland; and this, too, dictated a policy of minimizing anti-Semitism lest, by promoting sympathy for the Jewish plight, the *Times* play into the hands of Zionists.

Although the Ochs-Sulzberger families have since apologized for the "meager coverage" the *Times* gave to the Holocaust as it was unfolding, they have never made a connection between their prejudiced view of Jewish peoplehood and the paper's coverage of world news in general. They thus perpetuate the cycle of parochialization, as if the problem were one that affected only the Jews. But let us suppose for a moment that the publishers of the *New York Times* had acted truly without bias. They would then have responded to Hitler's virulent anti-Semitism as signaling a broader danger to

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everything precious to themselves and to America. They would have assiduously gathered information about Hitler's program of rearmament, as Winston Churchill tried to do once he became convinced that Hitler was planning to attack the West. They would have drawn daily attention to Germany's abuses of democratic freedoms, its perversion of the law, its abrogation of civil liberties. *And* they would have registered the way that Nazi anti-Semitism cloaked darker anti-democratic purposes behind an enmity directed against the Jews alone.

In brief, had the *Times* been truly neutral in reporting on Hitler's war against the Jews, it would have done a newspaper's proper job of ferreting out the painful but necessary truth about Hitler's war against the West. And the same holds true today, when embarrassment over Jewish causes still governs *Times* coverage of the Middle East and elsewhere, resulting in the same betrayal of professional standards. Had the *Times* been truly neutral, and doing its proper job, it would have long since reported in copious detail on the unmistakable signs of growing Arab extremism, an extremism that erupted with spectacular force in the attacks on America of September 11. The reluctance to expose dangers to the Jews suppressed recognition of much that threatened, and still threatens, the West.

Not that the *Times* is alone in this submission to anti-Semitic regimes. The same pattern prevails everywhere today in the academic community, which if anything is even more sensitive than the press to questions of "access." Scholars who work in politically controlled areas of research are rewarded for their sympathies and punished for their criticisms, sometimes in bizarre ways. A professor of ancient Middle East studies has told me that his German colleagues are embarrassed by Arabs in the places where they conduct research who congratulate them on what "they" did to the Jews; they dare not reveal their discomfort lest it prejudice their working relations with local personnel. More often, what begins as passive accommodation becomes active acquiescence. In American universities, the belief that Israel is to blame for the manifold failures of Arab society is by now such a corrupting feature of Middle East studies departments that it has assumed the status of a natural condition, like smog in Los Angeles.

Arab terrorism against Israel has exacerbated this situation without raising a peep from university administrations. Citing the difficulty of securing proper insurance coverage, Harvard recently followed the lead of other American universities in forbidding travel to Israel on Harvard funding. A longstanding archeological dig in Israel had to be abandoned this past summer, and students and faculty had to cancel programs of study and research—this, at the very moment when Harvard is promoting a new commitment to study abroad as a direct way of learning about the world.

Meanwhile, Jewish students attending American-sponsored Arabic programs in Arab countries have been instructed not to reveal their Jewishness and have been provided with false identities: a concession to Arab anti-Semitism that has neither been officially protested by any academic official nor brought to the attention of the American public. Thus do universities casually accede to policies of genocidal hatred, all the while proclaiming their dedication to multiculturalism, pluralism, and anti-discrimination.

WHAT IS it that, in the end, the record of anti-Semitism in Europe suggests? It suggests that the Jews are just the warm-up act to farther-reaching political ambitions. The ease with which Hitler was able to isolate the Jews, disenfranchise them, blackmail them, and begin persecuting them gave him the confidence to expand his conquests; he used the war against the Jews to encourage his followers to flex their muscles.

Anti-Semitism in this sense is not just a generic term for discrimination against Jews or even persecution of Jews. It is not just a means of scapegoating, though it is assuredly that. Nor is it merely a projection onto Jews of the desire to dominate, to "rule the world." More precisely than any of these, modern anti-Semitism achieved its power as a political instrument through its opposition to liberal democracy itself—as personified by the Jews.

Wilhelm Marr created the League of Anti-Semites in the 1870's to save Germany from what the Jews represented. "We have among us," he said, "a flexible, tenacious, intelligent, foreign tribe that knows how to bring abstract reality into play in many different ways." By "abstract reality," Marr meant everything the Jews could be made to stand for, summarized in the freedoms—religious, political, economic—that undergird modern democratic culture.

Marr's perception of the Jews as incarnations of modernity harnessed ancient prejudice to brand-new fears in societies that were in the process of losing their religious certainties and shedding many aspects of their traditional way of life, including the sense of security provided by autocratic rule. What some Europeans were certain was progress seemed to others a mortal danger, and politicians found

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that they scored well when they concretized those fears in the image of the ubiquitous Jews—a small, highly adaptive people with arguably the largest image on earth, a people desperately seeking acceptance and targetable at no political cost.

As the Jews were the practice range for anti-democratic and anti-liberal forces in pre-Hitler Europe, so in the second half of the 20th century the state of Israel took the brunt of the Arab/Muslim war against Western democracy. But, unlike the Jews of Europe, the Jews of Israel toughened under the assault, at least initially. Having acquired the means of self-defense, the Jewish state seemed to grow stronger the more it was attacked. And for a long time, in a reverse dynamic to the process I have been describing, the democratic West as a whole reaped the benefit.

"We may never know how much time Israel bought for us in our decades of negligence," writes William Bennett,

> how many American lives it saved by its long-kept refusal to negotiate with or capitulate to terrorist murder and extortion, its resolve to use every means to track down, confront, and undo those who captured and killed its citizens, its crystalline message of defiance. What we do know is that all over the world, especially in the Soviet gulag and in the prisons of Eastern Europe, captive men gulped great draughts of hope whenever word filtered through of an act of Israeli rescue and punishment: palpable and too rare signals in those dark decades [of the cold war] that evil was not everywhere triumphant, everywhere accommodated, everywhere appeased.

Bennett is surely right that, apart from America itself, Israel still stands as the world's brightest model of national self-liberation based on ideals of individual responsibility and human freedom. Israel's ability to withstand Arab attempts to destroy it in one of the longest and most lopsided wars ever fought serves as an indelible testimony to the strength of democratic culture.

Israel *had* to be gritty; otherwise it would not exist. Nevertheless, in the 1990's it too began to tire under the perpetual assault. In systematic and sustained terrorism, the Arabs discovered the first weapon that really works against a democracy, destroying the trust, the openness, of an open society, and exploiting its precious freedoms to expose its acute vulnerability. Here once again Israel has served as a test case. How well *can* democracies withstand this new form of all-out foreign aggression? We know from the past that the West paid dearly for ignoring Hitler's war against the Jews. One can only hope it will not pay as dearly for having ignored or underestimated for so long the Arab war against Israel and the Jews.

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The Fallaci Affair

Christopher Caldwell

DURING THE cold war, Italy's—and perhaps the world's—best-known journalist was Oriana Fallaci, famed for both her war-zone reporting and her pugnacious interviews with heads of state. Although her leftist bent frequently put her at odds with American foreign policy, particularly on Vietnam and the Middle East, she nonetheless adored the power and solidity of the United States and its culture. "In America everything expresses strength—from the skyscrapers to the waterfalls," she wrote in her first novel, *Penelope at War* (1962). "Everything expresses security—from the money to the boastfulness."

It is thus not surprising that Fallaci, now seventy-two, has spent the last two decades living in New York. What is surprising is that she has spent them in anonymity. Fallaci was once the most exhibitionistic of reporters, with only Norman Mailer, perhaps, to rival her in egotism. Her interviews were marked by a cockiness bordering on condescension, and she sought constantly to present herself as a mover-and-shaker in her own right—one, moreover, who always got the last word.

It was almost a shtick, and it made her famous. When she was wounded during a government massacre in Mexico City in 1968, her convalescence made headlines across Europe. Her three-year affair with the Greek poet and leftist guerrilla Alekos Panagoulis (dramatized in her 1979 novel, *A Man*) was the stuff not just of romance but of celebrity profiles. Yet, since *Inshallah* (1990), her weighty novel of late-cold-war Beirut, Fallaci had, until recently, neither written nor spoken publicly. Some attributed this reclusion to the cancer with which she was diagnosed in 1992; Fallaci herself pointed to another massive novel that she hoped would be her masterpiece.

Whatever the cause of her silence, it ended the day al Qaeda terrorists flew two planes into the World Trade Center towers. Fallaci, lover of the strength of New York's skyscrapers and the security of American society, was asked by Ferruccio de Bortoli, director of Milan's *Corriere della Sera* newspaper, to describe her reactions to the attack. She agreed. Over the course of two weeks, she covered hundreds of typescript pages with a philippic against Islamist terrorism and the cowardly Western elites who had permitted it to blossom in their midst. The article, cut to half its length and squeezed into four-and-a-quarter tightly printed newspaper pages, ran in *Corriere* on September 29 under the headline "*La Rabbia e L'Orgoglio*" ("The Rage and the Pride"). It turned into one of the great sensations in the history of European journalism. Newsstands sold out of a million copies in four hours.

LAST DECEMBER, the Italian publisher Rizzoli printed the uncut article in book form, under the same title. The addition of material excised by *Corriere* rendered the essay even more in-

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flammatory. Fallaci described her angry and discursive book as a "sermon" to a corrupt and complacent Europe, which, she lamented in the manner of Patrick J. Buchanan, is on the verge of "suicide." She praised American cohesiveness in the face of crisis. She sought to establish her credibility through extensive reminiscences of her reporting in the Arab and Muslim world—including an incident when she saw three women lynched in the main square of Kabul. She compared Islamist terrorists to Nazis and fascists, calling them "the new SS, the new blackshirts," engaged in a "reverse crusade" against the West.

And then she reached a conclusion that sent the intellectual classes of Europe into a near-unanimous rage. Fallaci warned that Islamist terrorism was not, as we are so often told, the perversion of a great faith, and not the work of a disillusioned and obscurantist fringe. It was part and parcel of Islam itself, which she referred to as "this mountain that for 1,400 years has not moved, has not emerged from the abyss of its blindness, has not opened its doors to the conquest of civilization, and has wanted nothing to do with liberty and justice and democracy and progress."

Putting an end to Western dominance, Fallaci said, is an ongoing project for the world's Muslims—even the ones who live among us and may be best understood as an advance guard. "You do not understand, or you do not wish to understand," she told her European readers, "that if we remain passive, if we do not fight, the jihad will triumph. And it will destroy the world that, for better or worse, we have succeeded in building, in changing, in making a little bit better."

The book has sold a million copies in Italian. The French edition—*La Rage et L'Orgueil*, translated by Fallaci herself under the pseudonym Victor France—sold 140,000 copies within weeks and by late summer was number one on the nonfiction bestseller list of the national newsmagazine *L'Express*. The German edition (*Die Wut und der Stolz*, published in Munich by List Verlag) was in first place on the newsweekly *Der Spiegel*'s bestseller list by the end of August. Translations into a dozen more languages, including Korean and Hebrew, are in the works, and Rizzoli is bringing out an American edition—*The Rage and the Pride*, also translated by Fallaci herself—in late September.

To the book as to the newspaper article, the reaction of Europe's editorial writers and largely left-leaning public intellectuals was almost universally negative, the opposite of the book-buying public's. Muslims in Europe and elsewhere also denounced the book. In the Saudi Arabian press, Fallaci was described as a Zionist agent. Two Italian Muslim organizations have published death threats against her, and one called for a Salman Rushdie-style *fatwa*.

The book's French edition has led not just to an intellectual battle but to a legal one. First, the Brussels-based European Observatory on Racism attacked it on publication for its "violent and insulting tone." Then, in June, four "anti-racist" groups, three in France and one in Switzerland, filed suit against Fallaci. In preliminary hearings in both countries, judges declined to issue an emergency restraining order to pull it from the shelves. But on October 9, a French court is scheduled to examine the book to determine whether it is to be permanently banned.

This battle will have enduring consequences for the way the West deals with Islam, both at home and abroad. For Europeans in particular, Fallaci's book about the September 11 attacks—and, more particularly, the reactions provoked by it—have opened painful questions in a way that the September 11 attacks themselves did not. Among those questions are whether Islam—now the faith of between twelve and twenty million Europeans, and of tens of millions more immigrants expected in coming decades—will be at odds with European culture, no matter how liberal and "welcoming" that culture is made; whether there is something in Islam that places even its most mainstream practitioners in tacit sympathy with Islamist violence; whether the split between elite opinion and popular opinion is reaching dangerous levels in Europe; whether the widespread European tendency to criminalize racist attitudes is leading, under a different pretext, to a climate of censorship and state-enforced opinion; and whether the European regime of solicitude toward minorities leaves European societies defenseless against a genuine threat to their civilization.

Fallaci begins *The Rage and the Pride* by talking about herself, asking that the warning she is about to issue be understood as the cry of an Italian political exile in New York, one in a long line that includes heroes of the 19th-century Risorgimento and anti-fascists who fled the dictatorship of Benito Mussolini. She describes her own experience in the fight against Italian Fascism, bragging that not a single blood relative on either side of her family followed Mussolini and alluding to her work as a fourteen-year-old courier alongside her father, a Resistance hero who was tortured by the Nazis.

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Fallaci grants that her own exile is a chosen and not a forced one, but for her this is a distinction without a difference, since her native country has become "an Italy where ideals lie in the garbage."

Having established her own credentials as one who knows fascism when she sees it, Fallaci explains to the reader that, with Islamic fundamentalism, we are in the presence of a genuine totalitarianism fully capable of destroying the West. She takes the pronouncements of Osama bin Laden ("In its essence, our war is a war of religion") at face value, and holds that the al Qaeda leader draws his inspiration from Hitler. She declares, with some hyperbole, that bin Laden and his followers constitute "enemies a thousand times worse than Stalin."

And then she drops her rhetorical bomb. This Hitlerite/Stalinist tendency has captured—or perhaps has always been latent in—Islam itself. "Behind every terrorist is an imam," she writes, making it clear that she also believes the reverse to be true: every imam is likely to be a terrorist sympathizer. Although, very early on, it is possible to view her strictures as applying solely to a fringe of Islam, her language grows more abusive as it grows less focused. Toward the end of the book, she warns, apropos of all Muslims: "The Sons of Allah are multiplying like rats."

The phrase "Sons of Allah" is a leitmotif in *The Rage and the Pride*, opening the way to a stream of scatological invective against Arabs and Muslims in general. Fallaci insults their religion: "I have no intention of being punished for my atheism by the Sons of Allah. That is, by the gentlemen who, instead of contributing to the progress of humanity, pass the time with their rumps in the air, praying five times a day!" She insults the sexuality of Muslim women: "Have you all fallen in love with Osama bin Laden, with his big Torquemada eyes, with his fleshy lips, and with whatever is under his dirty tunic? Do you find him romantic? Do you think him a hero? Do you dream of being raped by him?" And (in a footnote) she insults the sexuality of Arab men: "Thank God I've never been involved with an Arab man. To my mind, there is something in Arab men that is revolting to women of taste."

THESE ARE neither slips of the tongue nor lapses in an otherwise tightly marshaled prose. Fallaci believes without equivocation that there is no important difference between Islam and Islamism. Not only are Osama bin Laden and the Taliban "nothing but the most recent manifestation of a reality that has existed for 1,400 years," but "the vast majority of Muslims in the world were happy with the attacks against the Twin Towers." This majority decidedly includes most of the Muslims present in Western Europe; they are "pioneers," and therefore "to treat them with indulgence or tolerance, or even hope, is suicide."

The most graphic passages in the book use Fallaci's native Florence as a backdrop to convey Muslim immigrants' effrontery and predatory indifference to European civilization. Most bothersome to Fallaci are the hundreds of Somalis who recently camped out in tents in the Piazza del Duomo, seeking citizenship and residency papers, praying five times a day, and urinating both on public buildings and—Fallaci insists—inside the baptistery of the Brunelleschi-designed cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore. Many of these campers were involved in drug trafficking—"a sin not condemned in the Qur'an, it would seem." One night, Fallaci bawled out a Nigerian who tried to sell her drugs on the Ponte Vecchio, only to have him spit back at her, "I know my rights!"

Fallaci claims that most Italians see the problem of Muslim immigration as she does, but are too decadent to defend themselves; caring "only for vacations abroad and soccer matches," and having no sense of liberty that goes beyond mere license, they lack "the balls to change." But one class in particular is more emasculated than any other. These are Italy's intellectuals and journalists, whom she addresses as vermin: "cicadas" (in that they drone in unison) and "frivolous leeches." For her, the tolerance of which Western intellectuals boast is cowardice trying to pass itself off as principle. Paralyzed by political correctness, the denizens of Italy's opinion-forming class have become, in their own inverted way, "as bigoted as any country priest."

In the course of her book, Fallaci mounts a fully developed attack on press bias that will remind some American readers of Ann Coulter's recent bestseller *Slander*. Complaints about Silvio Berlusconi's having used his television empire to pave the way for his premiership are disingenuous, Fallaci says. "In Italy, as in the rest of Europe, [Berlusconi's] adversaries have established such hegemony over television news and the press, they have so imposed their dishonest and seditious propaganda, in short they have influenced public opinion in such a scandalous way, that they would do better to shut their traps on the subject." Neither *Corriere della Sera*, which published the original version of "The Rage and the Pride," nor the man who commissioned it escapes Fallaci's wrath in the book. Their sin was to run several pages of letters about her article under the headline, "Italy Divided in the

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Name of Oriana." But Italy, Fallaci shot back, was in fact not divided, it was almost unanimously in her corner, and to pretend otherwise was to buckle to what she would later call the "pseudo-intellectual terrorism" of "red fascists."

Early in *The Rage and the Pride*, Fallaci writes that she sought "to open the eyes of those who don't want to see, unblock the ears of those who don't want to listen, and make people think who don't want to think." If that was her goal, she largely failed. Few of the reactions to the book, from any quarter, could be considered surprising.

This was not only a matter of the Left lining up on one side and the Right on the other. True, several members of the conservative Italian cabinet of Silvio Berlusconi praised the book, as they had earlier praised the article. True, too, she was accused by the columnist Rana Kabbani, writing in Britain's left-wing *Guardian*, of "veering violently [in her career] from Left to Right." But the bulk of European commentary did not focus on alleged apostasy from left-wing beliefs, and with good reason.

Fallaci has always considered herself a woman of the Left, but two things have made her leftism idiosyncratic. First, she allows no pet victims: when *Playboy* journalist Robert Scheer raised the subject of public homosexuality in a 1981 interview, she replied, "I just can't stand them. There is a form of fanaticism in them, of dogmatism, of Mafia sense, all of what I despise."

Second, Fallaci has always been open to new evidence. Although she began the Vietnam war as a romanticizer of the Vietcong, and was invited to Hanoi as the guest of a grateful North Vietnamese government, she soon noticed that while American authorities let her come and go as she pleased, even ferrying her in and out of sensitive war zones, the North Vietnamese tortured the prisoners of war who were her interview subjects, blocked her transmission of candid dispatches, and distorted her words in propaganda communiqués, not to mention executing several of her Western journalist friends. Fallaci would never support the American side in Vietnam, but she would come to view the war more as a deadly tragedy than as an evil adventure. Similarly, in the Middle East, Fallaci began with a strong sympathy for the cause of the Palestinians, assimilating their struggle to that of Europeans under fascism, but developed a visceral antipathy to then–Fatah leader Yasir Arafat. By the time she wrote her Beirut novel *Inshallah*, she opposed the PLO with considerable outspokenness, and today she is Arafat's most strident European foe.

But if Fallaci was spared attack from the traditional Left, she was attacked ferociously by spokesmen of a new political ideology that is allied with it. This is the ideology of "anti-racism," which bases its claims to authority on such difficult-to-define concepts as tolerance, understanding, and love. "We have to understand whom we're dealing with," wrote Tiziano Terzani, an Asia correspondent for *Der Spiegel* and *Corriere della Sera*:

> the terrorists' reasons, the drama of the Muslim world in its confrontation with modernity, the role of Islam as an anti-globalization ideology, the need for the West to avoid a war of religion. And there is only one solution possible: nonviolence. Even more than a coalition against terrorism, what the world needs is a coalition against poverty, against exploitation, against intolerance.

In *Foreign Policy*, Marco Belpoliti took the same tack, but sought to define his terms with greater precision. Belpoliti accused Fallaci of "nationalism, xenophobia, and chauvinism," and even—one of the rare reviewers to make it explicit—of fascism. "Fallaci's fascism is a common cult of local identity," he wrote, "which many Italians now consider to be set against the forces of globalization. And for millions of her fellow Italians, more or less consciously, Fallaci's fascism is a shared value."*

Several religious spokesmen commented on the book in the French daily *Le Monde*. They, too, attacked it on anti-racist grounds. Father Jean-Marie Gaudeul, of the Catholic Church secretariat for relations with Islam, assailed Fallaci for claiming that the Qur'an was only about hatred. (As it happens, this is one of the few claims that Fallaci does not make.) The Bible, too, has warlike passages, Gaudeul informed readers. The pastor Jean-Arnold de Clermont, president of France's Protestant Foundation, found the book "sickening. Who is she carrying water for by publishing this kind of work in France today, when the basic goal is integration [of immigrants]?"

Muslims and Islamic specialists were given a privileged position in judging the book. Reactions from the former were swift and almost univocally

* The vagueness with which the epithet "fascism" has been invoked bedevils the entire Fallaci debate. Fallaci herself uses the term to mean, mostly, specific ideologies of the 1920's and 30's that relied on charismatic leadership and violence to forge a society-wide conformism (although occasionally she also uses it metaphorically to describe any conformity-enforcing intimidation, as in "red fascism" for French political correctness). Fallaci's opponents, by contrast, most often employ "fascist" as a synonym for "racist," or, less rigorously, to describe anyone who draws distinctions, particularly distinctions of value, among races and cultures.

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negative. Dalil Boubakeur, rector of Paris's main mosque, called *The Rage and the Pride* a "provocation." Also in France, Hakim El-Ghissassi, president of the Muslim Citizens' Forum, faulted her for taking texts out of context. In an article for *Le Figaro*, the political scientist Dejla Mohsen Senoussi lamented that "no one has ever spoken to Mrs. Fallaci of Muslim civilization, Muslim music, . . . nor of Muslim science, nor of Granada, Cordoba, the Alhambra, Samarkand, Isfahan, Istanbul, nor of al-Farabi, Avicenna, Ibn Khaldun."

Gilles Kepel, one of France's best-known Islam specialists, arrogated to himself the role of gatekeeper, laying down rules for who was allowed to participate in the debate on Islam and who not. Kepel called *The Rage and the Pride* a "scandal," lumping it together with Thierry Meyssan's *L'Effroyable Imposture* ("The Awful Scam"), a crank bestseller asserting that rogue elements in the American government had faked the September 11 crash into the Pentagon. "That our era should regard people such as Fallaci and Meyssan as models of intelligence," Kepel wrote, "is proof that intellectuals have failed in their duty, and represents a victory for fanatics."

Surprising support for Fallaci came from certain female intellectuals—surprising because Fallaci has always shied away from sexual politics, and also because she does not dwell in her book on the status of women in Islam, even though this provides perhaps the strongest grounds for her assertion that there is something radical in Islam itself. An article in the Belgium-based daily *De Standaard* made that case for her. Its author, Mia Doornaert, cited politicians in the Low Countries who ignored or minimized Islamist excesses, and asserted that when social workers encounter genital mutilation among Muslim girls—i.e., the Belgian-born daughters of immigrants—they are enjoined not to publicize their findings lest they meddle in the cultural life of others.

In such a context, Fallaci's language was apposite, Doornaert thought; and what is more, "antiracists" were guilty of employing a double standard in attacking it. Fallaci's comments about Muslims breeding like rats may have been excessive, but

> every week far worse things are written about Jews, and about Christians, in Islamic publications in our countries, and far worse things are said in mosques in our countries. Should we prosecute all of them? If not, why the double standard?

In an editorial in *Le Figaro*, Elisabeth Schemla, the editor of a Middle East newsletter, also pointed to relations between the sexes as a central Islamic problem. In general, Schemla wrote, Fallaci's unbridled invective does do a disservice to those who would like to lay out the dangers of "Muslim totalitarianism" in a dispassionate way. But in one area Schemla drew an exception:

> If sexuality is at the very heart of the problem in most Muslim societies, and more so in fundamentalist circles, as every [Muslim] woman knows it is, then Oriana Fallaci has the right to respond in kind. To be sure, she is shocking. But is she wrong? Certainly not.

THE UNUSUALLY strong feelings of self-identified Muslims and Islam experts on the one hand, and of women writing as women on the other, suggests that the battle over *The Rage and the Pride* was a battle over who got to claim the mantle of tolerance. What gave this dispute a surreal quality was something none of the attacks on Fallaci mentioned: at precisely the moment Fallaci was being assailed for undermining Europe's regime of tolerance, Western Europe—in particular, France—was witnessing its most sustained outbreak of racist violence since World War II.

The recent anti-Semitic wave in France has been authoritatively chronicled by the Paris-based writer and journalist Michel Gurfinkiel ("France's Jewish Problem," COMMENTARY, July-August 2002).* Since October 2000, when the second *intifada* began in the Middle East, there have been close to 1,000 "incidents"—street assaults on Jews, burnings of synagogues, cemetery desecrations, and various vandalisms and threats—in France alone, and dozens more across Europe. Some of these have been "minor" incidents—primarily graffiti—but the majority have been more grave. The perpetrators of virtually all of these crimes have been Muslim males, using as a pretext Israeli conduct in Gaza and the West Bank. But a similarly implacable opposition to Israel and support for the Palestinians is shared by the vast majority of Europe's intellectuals and its media.

Fallaci found this state of affairs—not just the violence against Jews but also the tendency of the media to remain silent about it—deplorable. In April, she published in Italy's *Panorama* magazine her first article since "The Rage and the Pride." At that point, the Israel Defense Force was battling for control of the West Bank town of Jenin, tens of

* See also my articles in the *Weekly Standard*, "Liberté, Egalité, Judéophobie" (May 6) and "Allah Mode: France's Islam Problem" (July 15).

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thousands of people had marched in France and elsewhere against Israeli "genocide," and beatings of Jews and burnings of Jewish sites were occurring at the rate of several per day. Fallaci began:

> I find it shameful that in Italy there was a procession of individuals who, dressed as suicide bombers, uttered vile insults at Israel, held up photos of Israeli leaders on whose foreheads they had drawn a swastika, inciting the populace to hate the Jews. And in order to see the Jews again in the extermination camps, in the gas chambers, in the crematoria of Dachau, Mauthausen, Buchenwald, Bergen-Belsen, etc., they would sell their own mothers to a harem.
>
> I find it shameful that the Catholic Church permits a bishop [Hilarion Capucci], moreover one housed in the Vatican, a "saintly" bishop, who, in Jerusalem was found with an arsenal of weapons and explosives hidden in special compartments of his sacred Mercedes, to participate in that procession and to place himself in front of a microphone to thank, in the name of God, the suicide bombers who massacre the Jews in the pizzerias and supermarkets. He called them "martyrs who go to death as to a party."
>
> I find it shameful that in television discussions the scoundrels with the turban or kaffiyeh, who yesterday extolled the slaughter in New York and today praise the massacres in Jerusalem, Haifa, Netanya, and Tel Aviv, are received with such deference.*

Fallaci continued in this vein for 2,000 words, finally taking aim at Arafat as an opportunist who "keeps his people in the shit" and a fascist whose corruption is such that it serves to prove the corruption of those who follow and support him.

The article was a consolation to European Jews, found considerable support in the Italian government, and was applauded in the United States. Fallaci seems sincerely to have believed that this would be the general European reaction. But instead of establishing her anti-racist credentials, it appears to have infuriated her attackers, deepened the calls for censure, and served as another piece of evidence for her own "fascism."

The novelist Dacia Maraini compared Fallaci's article to the rantings of the fascist author Curzio Malaparte. The day after the article appeared, Italy's Green party issued a statement against it. Former prime minister Giulio Andreotti declared: "Oriana was wrong, as anyone who takes an extremist position is wrong." *Liberazione*, the newspaper of Italy's refounded Communist party, ran an attack by its co-director entitled (in English), "Fuck You, Fallaci."

Rather than spurring politicians and intellectuals to remedy their inaction on anti-Semitism, Fallaci's attack spurred them to *justify* it. Said another former prime minister, Massimo d'Alema, "It seems to me more important to talk about the tragedy of Jenin than about Fallaci." Writing in the *Guardian* weeks later, Rana Kabbani summed up Fallaci's crime:

> In contrast to [Fallaci's] anti-Muslim hysteria is her equally hysterical fervor for Jews, as though to damn the former were somehow to help the latter. . . . The recent, well-orchestrated campaign alerting opinion to the rise of anti-Semitism in Europe camouflages the fact that Jews are not the foremost victims in the carnival of hatred. That dubious honor goes to Muslims.

These invidious comparisons of who had suffered more, Jews or Arabs, arose again in May when Fallaci was sued for "provocation to discrimination, hate, and violence against a group of persons by reason of their religion."

Of the three French groups that brought the suit, the most venerable was the League of the Rights of Man, founded during the Dreyfus affair. It and the International League against Racism and Anti-Semitism (LICRA), founded in 1927, sought an injunction requiring that Fallaci's book carry a warning label of the sort used for cigarettes and pornography. The third group was the Movement against Racism and for Friendship Among the Peoples (MRAP)—a newer, more cutting-edge organization that focuses on getting more minorities into the media, obtaining the right to vote for noncitizens, freeing the American convicted murderer Mumia Abu Jamal, ending Israeli "colonization" in the West Bank, and so forth; its president described Fallaci's book as a work of "racist delirium," and the group sought an outright ban on its sale.

While MRAP was not, like the other two organizations, founded to combat anti-Semitism, it is preoccupied with Jews, the Holocaust, and Israel. Even aside from its ideological investment in the Middle East, there may be an important juridical reason for this. France's most stringent hate-speech regulation, with the greatest potential for generating criminal sanctions and civil damages, is the 1990 Gayssot law (named after the Communist parliamentarian who

* This translation is by David Harris for the American Jewish Committee. All other translations in this article are my own.

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drafted it). The law was originally aimed at combating Holocaust denial, and was presented to the public as such. When MRAP's lawyer Ahcene Taleb made a case for banning Fallaci's book, some of the excerpts he chose merely showed that Fallaci was insulting or stereotyping all Muslims as terrorists. But, wherever possible, Taleb gave his criticisms a tie-in to the Holocaust. The "multiplying like rats" passage and the footnote about there being something in Arab men "revolting to women of taste" he compared to French anti-Semitic writings of the 1890's and 1930's. Taleb also cited a passage in which Fallaci apostrophized, "You want war? Fine. As far as I'm concerned, let it be war. Down to the last breath." And he concluded:

> This is practically a summons to physical elimination. I weigh my words carefully. If one day the regime should change in France, *The Rage and the Pride* will serve as the textbook for a new Final Solution against the Muslims.

As her own lawyer, Fallaci chose Gilles-William Goldnadel, who had himself just published a French-language book—*The New Breviary of Hatred*—on contemporary anti-Semitism, a pivotal chapter of which documents abuses of Holocaust memory by anti-Semites. Active in monitoring anti-Jewish and anti-Israel sentiment in the press, Goldnadel had recently made news for winning a judgment against the left-wing Paris daily *Libération*. Now he sought not just to deny MRAP's identification of Fallaci with the fascist side but to reverse it. Granting that her book could be "shocking," he said:

> [I]t is an important book, made to awaken consciences. A challenging book. And one line of reasoning is at the heart of it: the fight against Islamic terrorism is rendered more difficult by an intellectual terrorism that cloaks itself in anti-racism.

What MRAP sought, Goldnadel concluded, was censorship. "Today the real danger is green [Islamic] fascism. And you want to forbid us to denounce it!"

Noting that Fallaci's book had already been distributed, the court rejected MRAP's call that it be banned on an emergency basis. In October, Fallaci's lawyers will return to court for the trial that will determine whether the book is to be suppressed.

GOLDNADEL AND Fallaci are right. At stake is whether an international terrorist movement that has declared war on the West will be able to provoke the West to disarm itself, whether through the maleficence of its agents and their sympathizers or through the naiveté and kindliness of Westerners themselves. The Fallaci case is an episode—the most important one so far—in this agitation for intellectual disarmament.

The Rage and the Pride is an important, and largely accurate, attack on a very real crisis. Nonetheless, before dealing with the book's mighty virtues, it is best to deal with some of its flaws. For these are grave, and even readers who fully share Fallaci's alarm over the spread of Islamism, her skepticism that it can be easily quarantined from Islam, and her dismay over the cravenness of Western intellectuals will wish her book were a better one.

Both the problems with Fallaci's book and the problems raised by it can perhaps best be understood by reference to Emile Zola's intervention in the Dreyfus affair with his 1898 pamphlet *J'Accuse*. Zola has served as a model, often a conscious one, for both Fallaci and her detractors. The florid self-aggrandizement to which Zola often fell prey can be found from one end of his pamphlet to the other: "I have but one passion," he wrote, "one for seeing the light, in the name of humanity which has so suffered and which is entitled to happiness. My fiery protest is but the cry of my soul."

Such passages allowed anti-Dreyfusards to dismiss the book altogether, and probably won Zola few converts. As the anti-Dreyfusard Ferdinand Brunetière wrote, "The *J'Accuse* letter is a monument of stupidity, presumptuousness, and incongruity." Even Joseph Reinach, the most dogged of Dreyfus's defenders and in general an admirer of Zola, was frustrated by *J'Accuse*: "The further he advances in his discourse," Reinach wrote, "the less he tells; he exclaims and vituperates. . . . His anger provokes mistrust. A naked crime is a hundred times more horrible than a crime clothed in adjectives."

Fallaci's bombastic style, like Zola's, will in places frustrate her allies as much as her detractors. She has a winning argument, but regrettably squanders much of her moral capital on malice. Her dismissals of Islamic culture weaken her case considerably, primarily because it is improbable that she herself believes them. "Behind the other culture," Fallaci writes, "the culture of the bearded ones with their tunics and turbans, what do you find? Search as I might, all I find is Muhammad with his Qur'an, Averroes with his scholarly virtues (his commentaries on Aristotle, etc.), and the poet Omar Khayyam." This is the voice of an ignoramus, which Fallaci decidedly is not. Her invective against Muslims—making fun of people bowing down in prayer, wondering whether Muslim

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women all hope to be raped by Osama Bin Laden—is dehumanizing and gratuitous. The rise of political correctness, simultaneously sinister and absurd, has permitted the nonpolitically correct to excuse themselves for a good deal of bad writing, sloppy thinking, and loutish literary comportment that would have been deplored in any age, even before the rise of political correctness. Fallaci's expressions frequently fall under this rubric.

Many of the unintentional problems with the book derive from the haste with which Fallaci composed it. Given the desperate urgency of the situation it describes, this is a failing for which Fallaci deserves no blame. But it does introduce plentiful errors, of both fact and interpretation. Fallaci says on more than one occasion that there are 24 million Muslims in the United States—a figure that is at the crux of her argument and that she sloppily overstates by a factor of at least six. And while she backs down from an estimate in her original article that between 40,000 and 45,000 people died on September 11, she maintains, in conspiracy-theorist fashion, that "whatever the final number may be, I am convinced that we'll never be told the real truth."

Still, if Fallaci's methods are those of Zola, her goal, also like his, is not to bring intransigent opponents to the light of reason through punctilious argument. It is to activate for her viewpoint a popular sympathy that has heretofore been passive. There can be no doubt that a vast number of Europeans face the gradual Islamicization of their continent with alarm. If the sales of Fallaci's book are anything to go by, she has scored an extraordinary success in shaking them from their passivity.

That is because, for all her book's flaws, Fallaci is far more often right than wrong. Let us start with one of the sentences in *The Rage and the Pride* that were introduced by MRAP's lawyer in his effort to get the book banned: "Any theologian of Islam will explain that to defend the faith the Qur'an authorizes lies, calumny, and hypocrisy." In saying this, Ahcene Taleb asserted, Fallaci attacks all Muslims, not just Islamists. Fine. But is Fallaci's claim untrue? Or is it merely something that, according to Western ideas of interracial harmony, should not be true? It happens to be the case that a majority of Islamic theologians do think as Fallaci says.

Taleb also assailed Fallaci for stereotyping all Muslims as terrorists in a passage that runs: "The Osama bin Ladens aren't just in the Muslim countries. They're everywhere, and the most hardened of them are living among us." Again we may ask whether this is untrue or whether Taleb simply wants it to be untrue. The Syrian-born Sheikh Omar Bakri, long resident in England, recently gave an interview in the London Arabic daily *Al-Hayat*, in which he said:

> Allah willing, we will transform the West into [the realm of Islam] by means of invasion from without. If an Islamic state arises and invades, we will be its army and its soldiers from within. . . . They [the West] have imposed man-made law on us, and the Islamic regime will impose Islamic religious rulings on them.

One can argue about whether Bakri is typical, but there can be no question that Fallaci is correct to say that some of the most extreme Islamist figures live in the West. For certain purposes and at certain times, these figures represent a majority of the Muslim community, even a consensus—as in 1991, when the British Muslim Conference in Bradford (the community that goaded Ayatollah Khomeini into issuing his *fatwa* against Salman Rushdie) voted unanimously to support Iraq, not Britain, in the Gulf war.

More importantly, having shown Fallaci's opinion to have been well-grounded, let us also not lose sight of the context in which her opinion was attacked. Taleb was not cross-examining Fallaci in a friendly argument or an academic disputation; he was attacking her in a *court of law*. And, mindful of this context, let us return to a forest that we risk missing for the trees.

Nothing anyone has said in this entire debate, in newspapers, in universities, in courtrooms, has directly challenged Fallaci's point that Islam itself is, if not identical to Islamism, at least its reliable ally. The columnist Marc Semo even granted as much in an article in *Libération*. While he described the book as "sickening," and made obligatory mention of its "Célinian accents" (after the 1930's anti-Semitic writer Louis-Ferdinand Céline), he offered an amazing admission: "It is true that few voices in the Muslim world have spoken out clearly against these excesses."

That is an understatement. The reaction of mainstream Western Muslims to the al Qaeda attacks has been an alarming, even despair-inducing, silence and neutrality. Where are the Muslim equivalents of the German-Americans who in 1941 flocked to army recruitment offices to liberate the world from their first cousins? One cannot say: oh, they're out there and the press just doesn't cover them. The press—as the reaction to Fallaci's arti-

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cle and book shows—is ravenous for such tales, avid to show the Muslim presence in the West as nonproblematic. If such voices existed in appreciable number, they would be broadcast on every news show and bannered across every front page. Alas, ethnic solidarity among Western Muslims appears to be formidably, puzzlingly strong. In this, which is perhaps the central point of her book, Fallaci has never been refuted. She has just been instructed in a tone of ever-increasing stridency that one must never say such things.

No less disturbing than the lack of Muslim self-examination over the World Trade Center attacks is the outraged sense of entitlement that accompanies it. Typical was the review of Fallaci's book by the French novelist Tahar ben Jelloun, a reliably moderate voice who often plays the role of "ambassador" to France's non-Islamic majority. Ben Jelloun expressed a muted, pro-forma condemnation of the attacks, followed by stern warnings to the West lest it succumb to the temptation of anti-Arab racism. The lesson we should draw from September 11 was: watch out you don't overreact.

Typical, too, was Dejla Mohsen Senoussi's article in *Le Figaro*. Senoussi tried to make the moral crisis of contemporary Islam disappear by mixing it into a stew of other religious excesses, juxtaposing "Taliban hysteria" to "Filipino Catholics who have themselves crucified to mark the ascension of Christ, . . . the assassin of Yitzhak Rabin, or . . . the electoral skullduggery of [the Israeli fundamentalist movement] Gush Emunim." Well, Rabin's assassin was a fanatic, the Philippine Christians are zealots, and Gush Emunim is messianist—but in none of these cases was the aim that of the Taliban: the annihilation of another civilization. Rather than refuting Fallaci's propositions, Senoussi wound up giving evidence for them.

FALLACI'S BOOK has revealed, as she intended it to, that the European moral order that was built in the wreckage of World War II is in profound crisis. For the past half-century, two factors have worked to place "anti-racism" at the heart of this moral order.

First, the Americanization of Europe—to which the Continent's elites, for all their anti-Americanism, are more subject than most—brought both a sense of the centrality of race problems and, after the civil-rights era, a model for the (mostly) successful resolution of them. Second, the first generation that could contemplate the war without shuddering at questions about its own involvement placed the Holocaust at the very center of European morality. So calamitous was the moral catastrophe of the mid-century tyrannies that any belief system promising to keep hatred out of Europe would seem to deserve undivided loyalty.

But custody of that belief system has, for a variety of reasons, been captured by the Left, which has put it to the service of a vast and extraneous agenda. It is now clear that the ideology of anti-racism cannot—and does not wish to—protect Europe from its demons, and the Fallaci affair showed why.

On its own terms, anti-racism is riddled with intellectual corruption. A characteristic exemplar is Tiziano Terzani, the *Spiegel* correspondent who believes that vague bromides—"what the world needs is a coalition against poverty, against exploitation, against intolerance"—are sufficient to confront specific, genuine complaints. This very vagueness can be used to define dissenters from the ideology in any way the anti-racists wish—as "fascists," for instance.

Allied with this is the tendency of credentialed partisans to use their expert status to define the limits of acceptable discussion, as Gilles Kepel did in comparing Fallaci's argument to that of the loony Thierry Meyssan. Fallaci does not hold a chair in Islamic studies, but she knows considerably more about totalitarian movements than Kepel does, and wrote her book from a city in which several thousand of her neighbors had been incinerated by homicidal psychopaths just days before. Were only Kremlinologists and Russian exiles permitted a say in the West's conduct of the cold war? Must one be an Arab to pass judgment on whether the Arab world endangers the West?

The predations on free thought by Europe's anti-racist establishment are not just a matter of intellectual bullying. They are a matter of real police power. European leftists have used the "rights of man" as a tool to corrupt their countries' judicial systems. Here is an indignant Otto Kallscheuer of the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, writing in late June:

> In a free Europe, should such books [as Fallaci's] be allowed to circulate freely? Of course they should! What is the alternative? An Anti-Racism Court that forbids us to trouble the sensibilities of Muslims by giving wrong answers to right questions?

Was Kallscheuer joking? Such courts already sit in judgment across Europe. The court in which Fallaci was tried in June and will be tried again in October is such a court.

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These courts put the power of the state behind a conformism-enforcing pressure that is already inherent in the larger dynamic of public opinion. The pressure is asymmetrical, working to shift opinion in one direction only, and its dangers are well articulated by the French philosopher Alain Finkielkraut, who incidentally was not overly impressed by Fallaci's book. She "goes too far," Finkielkraut said; she "succumbs to the racist temptation." But, he added, "a book cannot be reduced to its unacceptable formulations. Today in France, you're not allowed to say anything bad about Islamism unless you automatically sing the praises of Islam."

If President Bush's hymns to Islam are any indication, this problem is general throughout the West. Political correctness no longer imposes mere silence on its victims, it imposes ready-made opinions—the "progressive" equivalent of a loyalty oath.

So why does no one complain that the anti-racists are behaving tyrannically? Because the censorship they seek to practice comes in the name not of repression but of liberation. As the writer Anthony Palou explained in *Le Figaro*, "It is the nature of pamphlets to be excessive, but in troubled times, this book risks sowing confusion in people's minds." In other words, censorship should be imposed not to squelch dissent but to *protect* people—from hurt feelings in the case of those who might not like the book, and from mental confusion in the case of those who might. Palou's own confusion illustrates why the intellectual classes of Europe can agitate stridently for censorship while never for a moment feeling themselves the heirs to Torquemada or the brownshirts. Books will be banned not because the government despises or fears the people who might read them, but because it loves them so.

Finally, and most bizarrely, anti-racist ideology has extended its purview so far as to claim a role in all social movements—even racist ones. This was made manifest when Fallaci sought to grapple in print with the worst wave of anti-Semitism to hit Europe in six decades. For her pains, she was pilloried as a fascist by an anti-racist establishment that had ignored the anti-Jewish violence almost entirely, and as an extremist by an Italian ex–prime minister who had ignored it altogether. The following month, she was targeted as a perpetrator of hate crimes by an organization that offers tacit encouragement to terrorism in the name of "friendship among the peoples." Europe's anti-racist consensus has not only outlived its usefulness. It has outlived its anti-racism.

Fallaci's method of addressing the problems of radical Islam will not impress everybody. But the intellectuals who have assailed her in the name of Europe's "values" have failed spectacularly to demonstrate how those values can protect Europe against a movement that would sweep its civilization away, values and all. There are people who know more about Islam than Oriana Fallaci does, but, for whatever reason, precious few of them have thus far written frankly on the subject. One is reminded of A.J. Liebling's remark that he could write faster than anyone who could write as well, and write better than anyone who could write as fast. This is not a dubious distinction, and a version of it applies to Fallaci. She has more courage than anyone who knows as much as she does about Islam, and she knows more about Islam than anyone who has as much courage.

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One Nation Under God?

Adam Wolfson

In the immediate wake of September 11 and the rise of Islamic terrorism as America's deadliest foe, some commentators predicted a retreat from expressions of religiosity here in the United States, if not a rollback in our steadily increasing accommodation of religious concerns in the public square. The reasoning went something like this: just as, several years ago, the bombings of federal buildings in Oklahoma City by Washington-hating fanatics had put a stop to the anti-big-government movement led by Newt Gingrich's congressional Republicans, so the assault on America by the forces of radical fundamentalist Islam would tarnish, by association, the movement to inject religion-based values into our own institutions and our public discourse. Whatever else September 11 showed, wrote Frank Rich in the *New York Times*, it also provided evidence of the "Taliban-like" potential of "America's own homegrown mixture of fundamentalism and politics."

Nor were such thoughts confined to liberals and secularists sensing an historic opportunity. "As we recoil from the Islamic extremists," commented the *Weekly Standard*'s David Brooks, "we may be less willing to integrate religion into political life." Matters were only complicated when, as if on cue, Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson, leading figures among Christian conservatives, took to the airwaves soon after the attacks of September 11 to say that we had it coming to us, and that God was punishing the country for its sins.

But could it really be that religion's public resurgence in the U.S. over the last twenty years—from the rise of the Christian Right in the 1970's and 1980's, through the hard-fought cultural battles of the 1990's, to George W. Bush's emphasis in the 2000 election on faith-based solutions to social problems—has reached a dead end as a result of our encounter with radical Islam? Two recent court decisions—and the political controversies they have generated—suggest otherwise, and point to what remains distinctive, even now, about the American idea of religion's public role.

On June 26, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit in San Francisco ruled that the Pledge of Allegiance, which American students have been reciting for a half-century by now, "is an impermissible government endorsement of religion" because of its inclusion of the words, "one nation under God." The suit was brought by Michael Newdow, a self-described atheist and professional filer-of-lawsuits who had mounted a previous legal challenge to the pledge and had also sought to take George W. Bush to court for including a Christian prayer at his presidential inaugural. Newdow complained that his eight-year-old daughter had been injured by merely having to *listen* to her classmates recite the pledge

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(by law, she was not obligated to recite it herself).

The reaction to this decision, which—if it withstands appeal—would apply to nine Western states, was surprising and instructive. For a court to have declared, so soon after September 11, that one of the main rituals of America's civil religion was unconstitutional raised a strong protest from nearly all quarters of the political spectrum. As was to be expected, conservatives and Republicans excoriated the court and called for the appointment of judges who, as President Bush put it, "understand that our rights were derived from God." But liberals and Democrats seemed no less outraged. Senate Majority Leader Tom Daschle described the ruling as "just nuts," while Senator Robert Byrd said the judge who wrote it was "stupid, that's what he is." Even Senator Hillary Clinton got into the act, declaring that she was "offended by the decision."

At first glance, it was hard to see what these Democrats were so exercised about. After all, the Ninth Circuit had done nothing more than apply the standard liberal view of the proper relationship between church and state—a view that has come to require, to absurd levels of purity, an absolute separation of religion from politics and an entirely secular public square. Moreover, as several experts in constitutional law pointed out, the Ninth Circuit's decision broke no new doctrinal ground. Over the years, the Supreme Court itself has held that not just prayer and the posting of the Ten Commandments but even moments of silence in the classroom are unconstitutional. Most recently, the Justices struck down a policy of allowing student-led invocations before high-school football games. By these standards, the Pledge of Allegiance—an invocation of God, led by teachers, during school hours—would seem much more offensive.

To be sure, not everyone on the liberal side reacted as these Democratic politicians did. The columnist Richard Cohen, in the *Washington Post*, predictably dismissed the phrase "under God" as mere "boilerplate," albeit boilerplate so repugnant that he himself has always refused to utter the dread words. Cohen then invoked September 11 to illustrate his notion of the ends toward which belief in God can lead: "Osama bin Laden believes in God. . . . All over the world, some people are willing to kill other people in the name of God."

For Howard Fineman of *Newsweek*, Michael Newdow was an American hero, and purging the pledge of all references to God was a reform that could be objectionable only "to bin Laden, Saddam or, indeed, to any theocrat or despot." Others highlighted the supposedly execrable origins of the words "under God," which had been added to the pledge in 1954 by conservatives wanting to draw attention to the fact that the Soviet Union, unlike America, was an atheistic, totalitarian state. Anna Quindlen, writing in *Newsweek*, associated the phrase with McCarthyism and with "a twisted strain of *über*-patriotism," and accused today's defenders of the pledge of "the basest sort of political jingoism."

THIS DIVISION of opinion between left-of-center politicians and left-of-center columnists was in itself revealing. Of the two groups, the politicians, although they had no moral right to their outrage, showed themselves to be in tune not just with the post-September 11 mood of the voting public but with American history. Take, for example, the contested phrase "under God": this was hardly something invented out of whole cloth by cold-war anti-Communists. The words can be traced to the final sentence of the Gettysburg Address, where Abraham Lincoln declared "that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

And this tells us much about the meaning of the words in question. The pledge's invocation of God is nothing so base as "jingoism" or so irrelevant as "boilerplate." Rather, it is an expression of one of the most time-honored elements of America's civic faith—a faith that at its best weds Enlightenment ideals of human dignity and the rights of the individual to biblical themes of sin and redemption, divine providence, and chosenness. Over the centuries, this peculiar mix of philosophy and religion has led Americans of every political stripe to think of themselves as answerable to a higher power.

Even liberals once lived and breathed this faith. As President Johnson declared in introducing his voting-rights bill in 1965, "God will not favor everything that we do. It is rather our duty to divine His will." Today, several decades into the ongoing culture wars, it is clear that some liberals still hear in this venerable creed an echo of the Inquisition, or of Iran under the ayatollahs; but others, even if uncomfortable with the easy pietism of a Lyndon Johnson, seem to have grown no less uncomfortable with the easy anti-pietism of the Ninth Circuit, and of its defenders.

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THE SECOND judicial decision to roil the political waters this past summer was the Supreme Court's upholding of a school-voucher program in Cleveland, Ohio. By a vote of five to four—with the more conservative Justices in the majority—the Court ruled, in *Zelman* v. *Simmons-Harris*, that the Constitution's First Amendment does not stand in the way of allowing parents to use public funds for tuition at a private school, even if (as was overwhelmingly the case in Cleveland) that school is religious. Writing for the majority, Chief Justice William Rehnquist reasoned that, since Cleveland's voucher program provided benefits to families without regard to their religious affiliation and gave them a genuine choice between religious and secular schooling, it was in no way an "establishment" of religion.*

Reaction to *this* decision was polarized from the first: conservatives were elated, liberals appalled. The *New York Times*, always a bellwether of elite opinion, decried the Court's decision in two separate editorials, finding itself hard-pressed "to think of a starker assault on the doctrine of separation of church and state." And a bevy of commentators, hitherto not especially known for their approbation of the slave-owning founding fathers, solemnly reminded their readers of the words of Thomas Jefferson and James Madison, two sticklers for keeping religion out of the public sphere.

In all this, both the *Times* and the columnists were echoing the opinions of the dissenters on the Court itself, who seemed to go out of their way to invoke the long shadow of September 11. "Whenever we remove a brick from the wall that was designed to separate religion and government," warned Justice John Paul Stevens, "we increase the risk of religious strife and weaken the foundation of our democracy." Justice Stephen Breyer inquired: "How will the public react to government funding for schools that take controversial religious positions on topics that are of current popular interest—say, the conflict in the Middle East or the war on terrorism?" For his part, Justice David Souter asked whether America's Muslims would "acquiesce in paying for the endorsement of the religious Zionism taught in many religious Jewish schools," or whether secular taxpayers would "be content to support Muslim views on differential treatment of the sexes."

WHAT, THEN, is one to make of these two quite contradictory rulings, and of the fissures in the cultural landscape that they reveal? One useful guide is a remarkable new book, *Separation of Church and State*,† by Philip Hamburger, a legal historian at the University of Chicago Law School. A powerful, well-told narrative, the book weaves together the political, cultural, and legal threads in the story of the rise of the ideology of separationism in the U.S. It not only makes a significant contribution to the scholarly literature on the subject but may, in time, have a salutary impact on how the courts approach church-state issues.

Hamburger begins in the days leading up to the American Revolution, when the very idea of separating church and state, utterly taken for granted today, was anathema to almost all parties in America, dissenters from state-established churches no less than supporters of establishment. What the dissenters wanted, Hamburger persuasively shows, was not an end to public benefits for religion but rather a more equal distribution of those benefits. Their aim was not separation—a term that most of them studiously avoided in their writings and polemics—but, as they understood it, religious *liberty*.

All sides in this early debate, Hamburger points out, believed that religion made an indispensable contribution to the civic health of society. By instilling an inner discipline in citizens, religion was thought to lessen the need for legal restraints. Freethinkers like Thomas Jefferson might contend, as he famously observed in his *Notes on the State of Virginia* (1782), that "it does me no injury for my neighbor to say there are twenty gods, or no God. It neither picks my pocket nor breaks my leg," but the great religious majority disagreed. As William Linn, a pastor in the Dutch Reformed church, retorted to Jefferson, it was certainly true that "the right of private opinion is inalienable. But let my neighbor once persuade himself that there is no God, and he will pick my pocket, and break not only my *leg* but my *neck*."

Hamburger himself clearly sympathizes with this latter view:

> By inculcating morals, by encouraging mutual love and forgiveness, and by directing ambitions toward another world, religion could diminish injurious behavior, dissension, and distrust. Accordingly, it could reduce the necessity of civil coercion—a necessity that might otherwise lead a people to desire harsh or even tyrannical government. Religion could also establish a lasting foundation in public opinion for the various rights that seemed particularly

* For a discussion of the decision, see "Victory for Vouchers?" by Paul E. Peterson in the September 2002 COMMENTARY.

† Harvard University Press, 514 pp., $49.95.

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vulnerable to fluctuations in popular sentiments. It thereby could temper the selfish passions and oppression to which republics were all too prone.

Early on, however, this understanding of the relation between church and state came to be opposed by a very different one. In the election of 1800, Jefferson and his supporters in the Republican party held that the Federalist clergy in New England, and religion more generally, posed a mortal threat to democracy. As they saw it, organized religion deprived citizens of their intellectual independence, and was thus not a means but an obstacle to genuine liberty.

This was the political backdrop of Jefferson's famous 1802 letter to the Danbury Baptist Association, in which he offered his own view of the Constitution's religion clauses—the view that is now taken to be canonical. When, Jefferson wrote, the First Amendment says "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion," what it really meant was to build "a wall of separation between Church & State."

It is hard to overstate the degree to which this reading of the founders' presumed intent departed from the universal understanding up until that point. As one Federalist clergyman commented during a battle with his Republican foes, the idea of a strict separation between religion and politics was "quite a new discovery." Jefferson himself implicitly confessed as much when he confided to his attorney general his hope that, in communicating his novel interpretation to the Baptists, it "might germinate and become rooted among [the people's] political tenets."

In any event, another half-century would pass before Jefferson's letter became widely available in an 1853 collection of his works. (So strongly did the Baptists themselves object to it that they never released it to the public.) And even then, as Hamburger is at pains to underline, Jefferson's metaphor played a much less significant role than is generally thought in the eventual adoption of his ideas. Separation of church and state would not gain popularity and influence for another century, and then only as the result of two intervening political movements.

The first of these movements was spearheaded in the second half of the 19th century by nativist Protestants, who wished to prevent the country's growing Catholic population from receiving public funds for its schools. Their motives in embracing the principle of separation were completely mercenary; they had no objections whatsoever to allowing public schools to provide a nonsectarian Protestant education or to include the King James Bible in the curriculum. Still, even this qualified embrace of separationism, as Hamburger notes, represented "a profoundly significant shift in attitude." Having previously shunned the idea, Protestant clergyman were now lending it the dignity of their office, and so, without quite realizing it, taking the first step toward erecting Jefferson's wall.

The second movement to lobby for the separation of church and state consisted of anti-Christian secularists who went by the label "Liberals." Though far less numerous than their Protestant counterparts, and more unbending in their hostility to *any* sort of state involvement with religion, these activists—mostly educated elites devoted to spiritualism, positivism, materialism, and other abstruse causes—were the ones whose vision prevailed in the end.

Interestingly, Hamburger writes, neither the nativist Protestants nor the secularist Liberals thought that the Constitution itself demanded a "wall of separation" between church and state. To establish this new principle, the groups instead proposed competing constitutional amendments. Only when these efforts failed did they begin to invoke Jefferson's metaphor as the authoritative, and original, understanding of the First Amendment. Their arguments won the day when, in 1947, the Supreme Court finally and with seeming suddenness embraced Jefferson's radical separationist doctrine in the case of *Everson* v. *Board of Education of Ewing Township*.

This history is worth dwelling on for another moment, especially in light of the widespread view that, in the post-World War II period, various Jewish groups, and particularly the American Jewish Congress, almost single-handedly foisted the new understanding of church-state relations upon the Court and the nation. As Hamburger's careful reconstruction shows, that view is mistaken. Jews were latecomers to the movement, and their role in persuading the Justices to impose strict separation was minuscule compared to the role played over the previous several decades by the strange concatenation of secularists and anti-Catholic nativists.

In this regard, it is no accident that it was Justice Hugo Black, a former member of the Ku Klux Klan, who in his opinion for the majority in *Everson* first made Jefferson's wall of separation a mat-

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ter of constitutional principle. As Hamburger bitingly comments, Justice Black "had long before sworn, under the light of flaming crosses, to preserve 'the sacred constitutional rights' of 'free public schools' and 'separation of church and state.'" By such a tortuous path did racial and religious bigotry help to transform a historically questionable and constitutionally suspect principle into one of the most enduring orthodoxies of our age.

BUT NOW we are more than 50 years into the era of separationism, and the recent court decisions on the Pledge of Allegiance and school vouchers reflect the tensions that have begun to tear at Jefferson's wall. On the one hand, the ruling of the Ninth Circuit to strike the words "under God" from the pledge fits perfectly into the still-dominant secularist mode, shielding those like Michael Newdow from any public expression of faith and purifying the state of any religious connection. On the other hand, the Supreme Court's ruling in favor of Cleveland's voucher program returns the country to something like the original understanding of religious liberty—the view that government allows religious groups to participate in the public's business on an equal basis, while implicitly recognizing the important civic role played by religion itself.

On the first of these decisions, as we have seen, liberal opinion seems to be split, while on the second it is fairly uniformly negative. What this suggests is that at least some liberals have reached the limit of their own tolerance for radical separationism, even if they are nowhere near ready to make their peace either with vouchers or with a more capacious understanding of religious liberty. They have their reasons for hesitancy, and those reasons are not to be lightly dismissed—especially (as they themselves incessantly remind us) in light of what we have learned about the truly malevolent purposes of some religious extremists. Sectarian strife has certainly occurred in U.S. history, and could possibly happen again.

Still, to conflate the doctrines of Osama bin Laden with the benign principles of our own civic faith is not just a gross misunderstanding of our history but sheer demagoguery. Despite the critics, pledging allegiance to one nation "under God" is a very different matter from invoking divine *sanction* for whatever mayhem one wishes to perpetuate. It is also, to cite a particularly specious piece of reasoning on the part of the Ninth Circuit, very different from affirming one's faith in a particular divine personage like Jesus, or Vishnu, or Zeus—or (as Michael Newdow would have it) Muhammad. Not only have general invocations of the deity always been central to America's civil religion, but America is unique the world over in having a civil religion, as opposed either to a revealed religion that is officially established or to no religion at all.

The qualification provided by the word "civil" is essential, because notions of civility, good citizenship, equality, and toleration have always been central to this national faith. Indeed, one can find no better contemporary description of the practices required by it than the regulations that Cleveland imposes on private schools that wish to take part in its voucher program. Participation is limited to those schools, religious or secular, that do not discriminate on the basis of race, religion, or ethnic background, or "advocate or foster unlawful behavior or teach hatred of any person or group on the basis of race, ethnicity, national origin, or religion." In short, and in answer to the scenarios of religious strife painted by separationists, only schools that preach toleration need apply.

THE PRIMARY reason for the remarkable comity that exists among America's multitudinous religious sects is a broad agreement among the faithful themselves to adhere to the country's civil religion. To a considerable extent, the First Amendment presupposes this agreement. As George Washington wrote to the Hebrew Congregation of Newport, Rhode Island in 1790, all religious denominations in America enjoy freedom of conscience as a natural right. But in turn, Washington noted, the American republic imposes requirements of its own: "that they who live under its protection should demean themselves as good citizens, in giving it on all occasions their effectual support."

Regulations like those of Cleveland's voucher program do no more than inform religious leaders, some of whom might be new to this country, of what is expected of them if they wish to be full participants in American life. Some religious schools may resent the involvement of government in what they consider their internal affairs or matters of faith; others, for this very reason, may refuse to participate in voucher programs. But still others may, grudgingly or not, accommodate themselves, and some may even welcome the opportunity to learn what it means to be a member in good standing of American society. Providing always that the majority continues to insist on and to enforce the rules of the game, and to honor the nation's civil religion, one should not underestimate the allure

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of democratic ideals to those who have previously known only autocracy.

In the wake of September 11, and with the American religious scene growing more diverse by the day, this process of assimilation is more important than ever before. An exceptionally powerful challenge to it, as Daniel Pipes and others have shown, is posed by the presence in the U.S. of militant Islamic organizations that reject our way of life and whose dominance of the American Muslim scene so far stands largely unopposed. But the assimilation of Muslim immigrants, and others for that matter, is actually less likely to take place if we continue to maintain a formidable "wall of separation" between church and state.

So obsessed are separationists with the supposedly baleful influence of religion on democracy that they ignore the many ways, some good (and some perhaps questionable), that democracy influences religion. As long ago as the beginning of the 19th century, Tocqueville noted that unlike in Europe, religion in America was already substantially democratized. Although the process has worked mostly by osmosis, sometimes the government has stepped in directly, as in the 1878 case in which the Supreme Court ruled against a Mormon who defended his right to practice polygamy on religious grounds. The trouble with strict separation, in other words, is not only that it deprives the state of the sustenance it gains from religion, but that it also spares religion from the moderating influence of liberal and republican principles.

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Iraq: The Snare of Inspections

Gary Milhollin & Kelly Motz

EVERY TIME war clouds gather over Baghdad, Saddam Hussein has a habit of hinting that he may allow UN arms inspectors to return. Similarly, every time war clouds gather over Baghdad, voices in the United States and elsewhere, including some in or near the Bush administration, can be heard urging a new and improved system of inspections. Today, some of those voices belong to critics of administration policy who are opposed to war with Iraq. Others favor war but think a provocation, or "triggering event," is lacking, and they see inspections (which they fully expect to fail) as providing the necessary trigger.

The inspectors departed Iraq in 1998 after enduring more than seven years of tricks and obfuscations, all aimed at protecting the country's programs for building weapons of mass destruction. Since then, Saddam's interest in renewed inspections has been aroused in direct proportion to the perceived risk that his country will be invaded. When things are quiet, he has refused even to consider letting the United Nations back—in egregious violation of his pledges under UN resolutions and therefore of international law. But now that Washington is seriously contemplating "regime change," he may well announce that inspectors are once again welcome.

If he does, he can count on Russia and France, Iraq's allies on the Security Council, to rally the world in favor of giving peace a chance. Any delay on Saddam's part in admitting or cooperating with inspectors will then still look better than war, and it will become that much harder to argue that Uncle Sam should use soldiers and bullets to do what international civil servants could do with blue helmets and notebooks. If inspectors go back in, said Jack Straw, Britain's Foreign Secretary, only last month, "plainly the case for military action recedes."

Whatever one's stance on the question of how best to handle Saddam Hussein, it is vital to understand one thing. Unless the Iraqi dictator should suddenly and totally reverse course on arms inspection and everything that goes with it, or be forced into early retirement—in other words, unless Saddam Hussein's Iraq ceases to be Saddam Hussein's Iraq—inspections will never work.

THERE ARE several reasons why this is so. Some of these reasons have to do with recent changes in the UN's own inspection apparatus. Others inhere in the nature of the man, and the regime, we are dealing with.

Almost three years ago, a new UN Monitoring, Verification, and Inspection Commission (UNMOVIC)

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replaced the UN Special Commission (UNSCOM). The latter, which for seven years had run the inspection effort in Iraq, was a special-purpose enterprise operated by officials on loan from national governments. The former, which has yet to take the field, is modeled on the UN's notoriously inefficient bureaucracy.

This change has a number of serious and debilitating implications. Among other things, UN inspectors are no longer set up to make effective use of intelligence information—an essential tool for determining whether Iraq is telling the truth. In the 1990's, when U.S. intelligence officials agreed to supply secret information to the UN inspectors, they did so only after becoming confident that the inspectors were themselves willing and able to use the information thereby received to uncover forbidden Iraqi weapon efforts. The information went only to inspectors who were individually trusted to protect it; these inspectors obtained the information on a privileged basis, and could be counted on to use it aggressively.

At UNMOVIC, which is split into a number of separate divisions, no inspector will be allowed to receive intelligence information on a privileged basis, and any and all information is liable to be shared. Not only does this make it more difficult to prevent information from leaking, thus undermining the confidence of governments thinking of supplying it, but no one can be sure that particular pieces of information will be acted upon. Unless and until national governments become convinced otherwise, not much of significant value is likely to be provided—an especially grave problem today when solid intelligence on Iraq has become scarcer and therefore more valuable.

Other considerations are relevant here. The American, British, and Israeli officials who in the past provided information to UNSCOM benefited from the fact that their relationship with the commission was a "loop." Evidence uncovered by UNSCOM inspectors flowed back to those nations' intelligence agencies for analysis, and this analysis produced new leads for UNSCOM in return. UNMOVIC, however, has announced that there will be no loop. Information will flow only in, not out.

This will be a crippling handicap. Even if, for example, an Iraqi defector should turn up and tell UNMOVIC to look in a certain building, the agency will need a means of evaluating his reliability before it decides to act. Without a loop, it cannot ask the intelligence service of a national government to vet what it has learned. It will have to rely on its own resources, and if these are insufficient to prompt action, an important opportunity may thereby be lost.

UNMOVIC's prohibition on dialogue apparently extends even to analysis. The agency recently refused an offer by a supporting Western government to help evaluate information UNMOVIC already had on hand. By thus depriving itself of access to friendly national governments, UNMOVIC has chosen ignorance over knowledge and removed one of the greatest incentives for providing intelligence information in the first place. And without a return flow of information, the governments concerned can hardly place confidence in UNMOVIC's inspection reports, especially if they reflect favorably on Iraq's behavior.

Nor is that all. Unlike their predecessors at UNSCOM, UNMOVIC's inspectors have been required to sever all links with their national governments and to become UN employees. Although UNMOVIC does train its inspectors in security precautions, it has no process for security clearance *per se*—without which there is no way to assess an inspector's personal reliability, to guarantee that he is not an intelligence agent, or to punish him if he reveals secret information. Even if UNMOVIC had not already moved to sever the loop of reciprocal relations, this lack of security would probably be enough by itself to inhibit most national governments from providing the agency with sensitive equipment or techniques of analysis.

So much for internal considerations. On the ground, in Iraq itself, UNMOVIC would soon run up against obstacles at least as formidable as those with which UNSCOM had to cope, and which UNMOVIC is far less equipped to handle.

UNSCOM conducted some 260 inspections in Iraq over its seven years there. A fair number of these were surprise visits with no advance notice, an enterprise at which UNSCOM had become particularly adept. Even so, Iraq's intelligence operatives defeated it more often than not: only about a half-dozen of the surprise inspections actually succeeded. Saddam Hussein's agents were active in hotel rooms in both New York and Baghdad as well as at the UN building in New York. It was a rare inspection when the Iraqis did not know what the inspectors were looking for before they arrived at the site to be searched.

Compounding the advantage held by Iraq in this regard is the success it has achieved, at considerable expense, in making its secret weapon efforts mobile. Laboratories, components, and materials are ready to hit the road at a moment's notice. During

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the days when UNSCOM was conducting inspections, this mobility was revealed graphically in U-2 photos of a suspect site. The pictures were taken in sequence as soon as an inspection team left its headquarters. The first photos show no activity at the site; a slightly later sequence reveals a large number of vehicles leaving the site; then there is again no activity; and then the vehicles of the inspectors arrive.

UNMOVIC has not yet indicated whether it will conduct surprise inspections, but it is hardly likely to do better at them than UNSCOM, and will almost certainly do worse. The same goes for regular, scheduled inspections. Most UNMOVIC inspectors have little or no experience in Iraq, and, worse, little or no experience in handling or evaluating intelligence information. In effect, this will be a team of rookies going to bat against a world-class intelligence organization highly practiced at foiling inspections.

UNMOVIC's recruitment procedures do not help. In assembling staff for an inspection team, UNSCOM looked for experts who had actually worked on the specific technology it was targeting—not just, say, a person familiar with missile or rocket design but one who knew Scuds specifically. To accomplish this, UNSCOM recruited from countries that had already built advanced missiles, or whose expertise was derived from military programs. UNMOVIC, by contrast, has chosen not to work this way. In order to achieve "geographic balance," UN-style, it hires staff from around the world, including from countries that do not themselves possess relevant weapon programs or expertise.

The results are predictable, and are likely to reverberate down the line, not just in planning and carrying out no-notice inspections (or inspections of any kind) but in generating new "baseline" information on the numerous Iraqi sites and in setting up a proper monitoring regime. In one way or another, UNMOVIC's inexperience will make itself felt in the myriad small signals that will tip off the Iraqis to its intentions.

STILL MORE obstacles remain to be mentioned. UNMOVIC is stuck with a deal that UN Secretary General Kofi Annan made with Iraq in February 1998, just before the UN inspectors left. According to its terms, inspectors at certain sites—the so-called "presidential sites"—must be accompanied by members of a "Special Group" of diplomats, and must also notify Iraq in advance of any inspection, even disclosing the composition of the inspection team. Such procedures contradict the principle of immediate, unconditional, and unrestricted access that is essential to effective inspections, and render inspection of these sites virtually impossible.

Iraq initially designated eight such presidential sites—each a swath of land large enough to conceal entire factories as well as mobile equipment or laboratories. It also retained the prerogative to designate new sites at any time, and to decide just how many sites there are, where they are, how big they are, and what they include. All such locations, in effect, create refuges for mobile items. If Iraq chooses to use them aggressively, they could be a loophole large enough to defeat any inspection effort.

Finally, one must consider that any new inspections in Iraq will be occurring under the threat of imminent American military action. President Bush has emphasized that the United States is determined to use "all the tools at our disposal" to remove Saddam Hussein from power; under such conditions, any announcement by UN arms inspectors that Iraq is not cooperating is likely to be viewed as a casus belli. But UN organizations do not normally like to trigger wars. How can this not inhibit the readiness of UNMOVIC to issue any such damning report, regardless of Iraq's actual behavior?

Besides, UNMOVIC's staff has spent more than two years in New York getting ready to return to Iraq, and will hardly be eager to admit that it has failed to secure Iraq's cooperation. Rather, there will be every incentive to define inspection tasks narrowly—thus making it easier for Iraq to comply, at least nominally—and to avoid any aggressive inspection activity. UNMOVIC's executive chairman, Hans Blix, is fully empowered to set policy in this regard; in his previous career as director of the International Atomic Energy Agency, Blix usually avoided confrontation (except when dealing with North Korea) and also missed Iraq's vast clandestine effort to build nuclear weapons.

What Blix would do now in Iraq is unknown—although, if he were to choose nonconfrontation, he would admittedly have one or two arguments on his side. Even nonconfrontational inspections are disruptive to a degree, and even when UNSCOM was not surprising the Iraqis, it was forcing them to mount a large concealment effort and move key equipment from one site to another, which made it harder to run illicit programs. Nonconfrontational inspections also yielded much essential information about Iraq's actual progress in making mass-destruction weapons. (This was mainly so in the case of the country's missile program; in the case of its biological program, which was and is easier to

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conceal, the nonconfrontational model was of far less benefit.)

In the present instance, however, a policy of avoiding confrontation will be dangerous in the extreme. Inspections will then be aimed only at monitoring what is already known rather than at searching aggressively for what is still hidden. Moreover, the very failure to find anything new will feed the demand that the embargo against Iraq be lifted without the goal of inspections—namely, disarmament—ever being achieved. The price to be paid will be all the higher in view of the elementary fact that, since the day inspections began in 1991, Iraq has consistently tried to defeat them.

But that brings us to the heart of the matter. What is it that inspections are designed to do? They are designed to verify that a country's declarations about a weapon program are honest and complete. And that sort of verification is indeed a feasible goal for an inspection team: to look at sites and equipment and see whether the official story about their use is accurate. To do this effectively, inspectors can rely both on scientific principles and on information gained through intelligence-gathering. It is a different proposition altogether to go ranging about a country in search of things that have been deliberately concealed; that is a task with no beginning and no end.

In short, without a full and coherent description of the entire Iraqi weapon program, inspectors can never verify that it has been eliminated. The truth must come *first*, and it can come only from the Iraqis themselves. What the world needs is an Iraqi government that will stop lying and surrender those programs. That is hardly likely to happen as long as Saddam Hussein remains in power.

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Plagiarism High and Low

Thomas L. Jeffers

Oscar Wilde to James McNeill Whistler: "I wish I'd said that, Jimmy."

Whistler: "Don't worry, Oscar, you will."

As flippancies go, this is one you are not likely to hear any time soon. Offering in print, as your own, words another person has said or published is "something you never, never do," declares James Fallows in the *Atlantic Monthly*. "Every line of work needs clear rules. If you're a soldier, you don't desert. If you're a writer, you don't steal anyone's prose. It should be the one [cause for] automatic firing."

If passions seem to be running high lately on the subject of plagiarism, the cause is not far to seek, what with the fracas surrounding Stephen Ambrose, Doris Kearns Goodwin, and Hannah Crafts—three recent and much-publicized cases that the media have treated extensively. But to anyone who has ever looked into the centuries-long debate about literary imitation, appropriation, and originality, Fallows's "never, never" cannot be the end but only the beginning of wisdom. Things are more interesting, and less clear-cut, than that.

First, though, the year's three notorious plagiarists. Ambrose is the military historian and author of some two dozen books who was nailed by the *Weekly Standard*. As it turns out, his lax mimicking in *The Wild Blue* (2001)—"Up, up, up he went, until he got above the clouds. No amount of practice could have prepared the pilot and crew for what they encountered: B-24s, glittering like mica"—of Thomas Childers's *Wings of Morning* (1995)—"Up, up, up, groping through the clouds, no amount of practice could have prepared them for what they encountered: B-24s, glittering like mica"—is only one of many threads borrowed from others' spools and knotted over the years into the Ambrosian carpet.

Goodwin's embarrassment stems from her having to admit that, for *The Fitzgeralds and the Kennedys* (1987), she borrowed without acknowledgment passages, too banal to quote here, from Lynne McTaggert's *Kathleen Kennedy* (1983). In a private settlement in the late 80's, she paid McTaggert an undisclosed amount, and there the matter would have rested had it not been for the assiduity once again of the *Weekly Standard*, which turned up cabbagings from other sources. An added, pot-and-kettle irony is that Goodwin once complained that another author, Joe McGinniss, had plagiarized *her* for his *The Last Brother* (1993), a study of Edward Kennedy.

Ambrose has defended himself with the bluster of one of his military heroes (he likes to take on the persona of the Custer or Eisenhower whose story he is telling). Refusing to call his borrowings plagiarism, he says that "If I am writing up a passage,

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[and] part of it is from other people's writing, I just type it up that way and put in a footnote. I wish I had put the quotation marks in." The main thing is that "I tell stories; I am not writing a Ph.D. dissertation"—though when he did write such a dissertation in 1963, published the next year by Louisiana State University Press, he also neglected (as Forbes.com has discovered) to insert the necessary quotation marks.

Goodwin's explanation boils down to sloppy handwritten notes—failures to distinguish between direct quotation and paraphrase. These days, she claims, her computer helps her avoid this problem by making it easier to keep her own stuff in one file and others' stuff in another. But the computer, like any machine, can also be misused or misunderstood, and several plagiarists in recent years have, in a digital "Twinkie defense," blamed *it* for their difficulties. Either screen A gets conflated with screen B or, as in umpteen cases a day in schools or even newsrooms, material cut from the Internet and pasted into "notes" loses quotation marks and attributions alike.

In a rather different category is the third recent case. Hannah Crafts was "a Fugitive Slave, Recently Escaped from North Carolina," whose novel, *The Bondwoman's Narrative*, written between 1855 and 1861, was bought in manuscript at auction by the Harvard celebrity academic Henry Louis Gates, Jr., and then sold by him to Warner Books. It was published last April after being excerpted in the *New Yorker*. The opening of chapter 13 comes pretty much straight from the famous "fog everywhere" opening of chapter 1 of Charles Dickens's *Bleak House* (1852-53), a fact that Professor Gates oddly did not notice but that was pointed out in a phone call to the *New Yorker* by Hollis Robbins, a graduate student at Princeton.

Gates's response in a letter to the magazine was unapologetic: Crafts had not plagiarized, he wrote, she had sought "a relation to a canonical tradition, finding in Dickens a language and rhetoric that she sometimes assimilated and sometimes simply appropriated." On the *New Yorker*'s website, Gates added the brazen hypothesis that Crafts had not assimilated, appropriated, or even echoed, but "emptied out a rhetorical template and filled it with particulars of her own." Indeed, fill it she did: as Robbins's further researches have found, these "particulars" derive from more than a dozen writers ranging from Horace Walpole to Harriet Beecher Stowe, plus veins "creatively plundered," to use Gates's phrase, from *Scientific American*.

But still Gates has defended her, happy "that the republic of letters has always transcended the bounds of identity." He has even called to witness a famous passage from the black intellectual W.E.B. Du Bois (1868-1963):

> I sit with Shakespeare and he winces not. Across the color line I move arm and arm with Balzac and Dumas. . . . From out the caves of evening that swing between the strong-limbed earth and the tracery of the stars, I summon Aristotle and Aurelius and what soul I will, and they come all graciously with no scorn nor condescension.

Quite (floridly) right. Du Bois, however, was referring only to the accessibility of one literary tradition to another, and to the universality of culture. Gates does to him what, in principle, Crafts was learning to do to Dickens: namely, appropriate him for his own purpose. But—and here we begin to touch on the complexities of the subject—what may be (barely) defensible in an imaginative mode like fiction is indefensible in an expository mode like literary criticism, where a writer is obliged not only to acknowledge his source but to stipulate that his own purpose is, or may be, different. Besides, although Dickens was always eager for an audience, and would surely have "come all graciously" along with Aristotle and Aurelius, no Victorian novelist was a greater stickler for copyright, and he would have looked on Crafts's transpositions as an occasion for, if not a lawsuit, then a writing lesson.

Let us see if we can sort these matters out.

IF WE can imagine Homer building on the oral tradition that preceded him, and later bards building on the one that succeeded him, then we can understand that for the ancient Greeks and Romans—and certainly for more than a millennium-and-a-half of the Europeans who followed them—learning to compose literature was like learning to make or do anything. It was a matter of *imitation*.

And "naturally" so, given Aristotle's definition of man as the imitative animal. In *The Art of Poetry*, the Latin poet Horace in effect directed writers to follow the masters, not in a slavish, xeroxing sort of way but according to the rules of whatever genre they wished to practice. Such imitation remained a cardinal injunction well into the 18th century. When, for instance, Dante and Milton wanted to depict a journey to the underworld, they looked to Homer and Virgil not just for a map but also for incidents and metaphors.

So it was, too, with children learning to write their first compositions. One of the more interest-

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ing passages in Ben Franklin's *Autobiography* concerns his apprenticing himself to the literary art by studying past masters. He would copy out, say, a paragraph of Joseph Addison in order to set it to memory; he would break it up, scattering its sentences, and then see if he could put it properly back together—sometimes, he fancied, in an order better than Addison's. Finally, he would use its structure as a scaffolding for an "original" composition of his own.

But Franklin was also living at a time when the literary rules were changing. His was an age marked by a drive toward *originality*, a prominent feature of the Romanticism that, beginning in the mid-18th century, is tailing off with us. It was more important, the early Romantics felt, to express oneself as an individual than as part of a group—a revolutionary theme in aesthetics that plainly mirrored the contemporaneous political belief that the state exists for the sake of the citizen, not vice versa. The poet should not write "Of man's first disobedience" and "the ways of God": Milton had done all that. Instead, as Wordsworth proposed, he should write about the "Mind of man," capable of making its own imaginative paradise. We can understand the rise of the realistic novel, too, as a bid for originality and individualism: stories about common people and ordinary life, as against stories about nobles and far-away adventures.

Adding force to the Romantic call for originality was economic logic. The invention of movable type made literature easily reproducible, and the earliest copyright claims in 16th-century England had been entered by printers, who did not want their goods devalued by cheap imitations. Making money by producing texts was a new achievement; by the late 17th century, writers, recognizing that readers wanted the rare, original book just as they wanted the rare, original painting or tulip, were asserting what we now call intellectual-property rights. To violate such rights—to steal someone's paragraph or someone's patent—was actionable, or at least cause for public exposure and disgrace. Sentiment as well as money was involved, as the word *plagiarism* suggests: it derives from *plagiarius*, the Latin for manstealer or kidnapper, and by extension literary thief. To steal another's text is analogous to stealing his slave or, more tenderly, his child.

Samuel Johnson (1709-84) is instructively pivotal in his equanimity on the problem of plagiarism. His *Dictionary* defines it as "Theft; literary adoption of the thoughts or works of another." But this, by itself, is too ambiguous, since the terms "adoption," "thoughts," and "works" are like so many flies, waiting for deconstructive spiders to tear them apart. In practice, Johnson himself hustled both sides of the street: on the one hand, he did not mind ghosting letters, lectures, and sermons for friends; on the other hand, he argued publicly about the importance of correct attribution, and helped shape the emerging Romantic idea of authorship.

TO DISAMBIGUATE Johnson's dictionary definition and his practice—to discover his equanimity—one can turn to his *Rambler* No. 143, a locus classicus of nonpanicky common sense. Here he really thinks things through, beginning with a warning: "This accusation [of plagiarism] is dangerous, because, even when it is false, it may be sometimes urged with probability." That is, a passage might look plagiarized when it really is not, simply because there is nothing new under the sun. "We are come into the world too late to produce anything new," Johnson aptly says, and

> whoever attempts any common topic will find unexpected coincidences of his thoughts with those of other writers; nor can the nicest judgment always distinguish accidental similitude from artful imitation. There is likewise a common stock of images, a settled mode of arrangement, and a beaten track of transition, which all authors suppose themselves at liberty to use, and which produce the resemblance generally observable among contemporaries.

In short, writing as others have written is not only to a great extent unavoidable, it is also a way of making yourself intelligible. Imitate, imitate—but if you want to be any good, do it artfully.

For Johnson, it was nonsense to accuse a Shakespeare or a Dryden of plagiarism on the grounds that he deployed an idea or a metaphor traceable to Plutarch or Virgil, just as it would be nonsense to accuse a contemporary architect of being "a mean copier of [Michel]Angelo or [Christopher] Wren because he digs his marble from the same quarry, squares his stones by the same art, and unites them in columns of the same orders." The "flowers of fiction" left by the ancients along the literary wayside are so profuse that writers may freely "pluck them without injuring their colors or their fragrance." Johnson then brilliantly concludes:

> The adoption of a noble sentiment, or the insertion of a borrowed ornament may sometimes display so much judgment as will almost compensate for invention; and an inferior ge-

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> nius may without any imputation of servility pursue the path of the ancients, provided he declines to tread in their footsteps.

If the "inferior genius" does tread in his predecessors' footsteps—i.e., if he meanly copies them word for word, and does so repeatedly and, perhaps especially, at length—then he may justly be accused of plagiarism.

This reasoning jibes with that of Alexander Pope, whose famous couplet, "True Wit is Nature to Advantage drest,/What oft was Thought, but ne'er so well Exprest" sums up what would become the essence of copyright law. What has legal standing are not those oft-thought plots, settings, character types, or ideas (it is difficult to prove that writer X, working on similar material, could not independently arrive at a notion claimed by writer Y), but "particularized expression" (Y might be able to argue that X could not have arrived fortuitously at his exact wording). Therefore, an updated Johnson's *Dictionary* might clarify the definition of plagiarism as (inelegantly) follows: distinguished from imitation, it is the habitual "theft" of another's "works" in the sense of exact words. "Thoughts" may be too aerial for ownership.

As far as the law is concerned, in any event, the key point about X and Y is that they are contemporaries: dead writers cannot sue the living. They can, however, feed them, just as their forebears fed *them*. Again the mid-18th century worked it out, as evidenced by Henry Fielding in *Tom Jones*:

> The Ancients may be considered as the rich common, where every person who hath the smallest tenement in *Parnassus* hath a free right to fatten his muse. Or, to place it in a clearer light, we Moderns are to the Ancients what the poor are to the rich.

Honor among thieves, though. While poor modern writers can poach whatever they need from squires Homer, Virgil & Co., they should not steal from one another: "for this may be strictly styled defrauding the poor (sometimes perhaps those who are poorer than ourselves) or, to see it under the most opprobrious colors, robbing the spittal"—i.e., the hospital where one's penurious fellow moderns are laid up.

The Romantic period that succeeded the Age of Johnson could not of course entirely eschew the humanly natural tendency toward imitation: John Keats takes after Edmund Spenser and Shakespeare, and then Alfred Tennyson takes after Keats. Still, the emphasis was on the sui generis, and the resulting texts could seem so subjective, and so anti-traditional, that by the beginning of the 20th century T. S. Eliot thought it time to recall the wisdom of the 18th. Literary tradition was something not to escape from, Eliot averred, but to appropriate and make one's own.

Appropriation. In his essay on the playwright Philip Massinger (1583-1640), Eliot writes as follows:

> Immature poets imitate; mature poets steal; bad poets deface what they take, and good poets make it into something better, or at least something different. The good poet welds his theft into a whole of feeling which is unique, utterly different from that from which it was torn; the bad poet throws it into something which has no cohesion.

Massinger, in Eliot's judgment, was a bad poet for only half-heartedly appropriating stuff from his immediate precursor, Shakespeare: all he could manage was "an echo, rather than an imitation or a plagiarism—the basest, because least conscious form of borrowing."

Note that Eliot's terms are Johnson's, only inverted and tightened. The lowest level of borrowing is the echo (bad, because mere parroting). Next comes imitation (between okay and good, but only a stage along the way); then plagiarism (better, in the sense of knowing what one needs—though I much prefer Johnson's more exigent use of the term); and finally, by implication, originality (best, since one mixes the "stolen" and the invented according to a recipe of one's own). The appropriations in Eliot's own *The Waste Land*, only some of them acknowledged in the endnotes, are "mature" or, as the critic Harold Bloom would say, "strong" acts of transformative improvement, drawing on the tradition's treasures as he adds to them, and placing the present in relation to the past as he looks toward the future ("I took from them, now you take from me"). And so with James Joyce in *Ulysses*, which is structured after Homer's *Odyssey*, or Thomas Mann's *Doctor Faustus*, which owes so much to prior versions of the legend, including Goethe's.

Eliot speaks loosely of appropriation or plagiarism, Johnson of imitation: the terms, however colored, may slip and slide, but the meaning is workably clear. The later writer borrows from, builds upon, endeavors to surpass, and finally, even in his original inspirations, affirms his family resemblance to those who came before him. Great writers do offer something new, but their materials

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(plots, characters, ideas) and their medium (words) are in large part something old and inherited. The modern evolves out of, and amplifies, the tradition.

SOME LATER 20th-century critics, notably such French theorists as Jacques Derrida, Roland Barthes, and Michel Foucault, were much taken by the idea that the literature of the present, or indeed individual words themselves, are so interpenetrated with the past that there is no such thing as originality. Indeed, they held, there is no such thing as an author. To this one can briefly reply: don't go there. Authors may be nowhere without language, but language is nowhere without authors, each truly superior one endeavoring to find a voice of his own.

And that is what Hannah Crafts, to return to her, was at least trying to do in the late 1850's. Wanting to tell her story in the form of a novel, Crafts not surprisingly looked to masters like Dickens to see how to do it. She started by imitating him, just as (though she almost certainly had no way of knowing this) authorities from Horace to Johnson might have urged her to do. Only, instead of pursuing a parallel path, she stepped directly into his footprints. Instead of strongly appropriating and transforming Dickensian elements into something palpably her own, she weakly and naively fudged. What might have been an imitation salutary for an autodidact—remember Franklin's method of learning to write—collapses, understandably at this stage, into plagiarism.

By saying it is understandable, I mean that it is also, in this case, forgivable, since what Crafts was producing was obviously a draft, and she an utter novice. But not everyone would agree with me here. I am not sure, for example, that Thomas Mallon, whose *Stolen Words* (1989) is the best-written book on the subject of plagiarism, would let Crafts off the hook, though given her special circumstances he might. In general he takes Fallows's "automatic firing" position, and relentlessly hunts famous plagiarizers of the past like Laurence Sterne, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Charles Reade, as well as those of more recent time—small game like Jacob Epstein, who in his novel *Wild Oats* (1979) cribbed several dozen unscintillating bits from Martin Amis's *The Rachel Papers* (1974), and still smaller game among academic historians.

Mallon adopts the view of the late Peter Shaw, namely, that plagiarists are mentally disordered the way kleptomaniacs are. They steal not because they need to—old Sterne or young Epstein could find the workaday words better than most of us can—but because of a compulsion, one to which any writer can feel an uncanny susceptibility, and because, guiltily, they at bottom wish to be found out. Hence the unmissable clues they leave. Coleridge's translating and transposing of whole pages of German philosophers into his *Biographia Literaria* was so self-incriminatingly evident that (moving beyond the allegations against him of his contemporary fellow-plagiarist Thomas De Quincey) a talented undergraduate at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, Anna Augusta Helmholtz, could systematically expose them in a bachelor's thesis back in 1907.

Neither Shaw nor Mallon has patience with latter-day defenders of Sterne and Coleridge's plagiarisms—defenders who say that such liftings are merely akin to Eliot's appropriative procedure in *The Waste Land* or Joyce's in *Ulysses*, with the reader's pleasure arising from recognition of the allusions, the juxtapositions of home-cooked and take-out language, the buzz of "intertextuality." For hardliners, the fact remains that Sterne, Coleridge (and Jacob Epstein) madly regarded themselves as above the Eighth Commandment, which forbids stealing.

I confess I am not so sure. To explain why, I want to turn to a class of writers I happen to know well—undergraduate students who wonder whether *they* are plagiarizing, and if so, when and how they will be caught, and what will happen next.

IN HER useful book, *Stolen Language?* (2000), Shelley Angélil-Carter notes R. M. Howard's division of the act of plagiarism into three forms: cheating (deliberate fraud), non-attribution (usually out of ignorance of the conventions for referencing), and patchwriting (the stitching-together of one's own words with a too-closely-paraphrased source, attributed or not). Then she distinguishes, as I did earlier, between novelists (and by implication poets) on the one hand and, on the other, expository writers, whether high-school students or professional journalists or academic historians. The latter are properly expected to mark their indebtedness for information and ideas. The former, by contrast, typically need not provide references to such sources, though they ought, in formal acknowledgments if nowhere else, to indicate writers they have quoted, and to what extent. Hannah Crafts, as a nascent novelist, with Dickens, Stowe, Charlotte Brontë, and other sources open beside her, was having a problem with the patchwriting variety of plagiarism, and was clueless about how to acknowledge what she owed to those other texts.

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That is where a mentor might have intervened. School administrators and faculty never seem quite sure who their students are: members of the community of scholars hanging out with Socrates in the Greek agora, or hoods with Cliffs Notes trying to get their degrees with the least possible effort. As Neil Hertz has punned, "The student might be Alcibiades, but then again he might be Al Capone." Alcibiades, who is Socrates' frequent interlocutor in Plato's dialogues, is the fellow addressed in brochures and mission statements; Al Capone is the kid addressed in the catalogue or the freshman-English handbook where he is told that if he plagiarizes—and nowadays the offense is usually described fairly and thoroughly—he is toast.

The language in the catalogue and handbook is up on moral stilts. Not only will students fail the course in which they have been academically dishonest, or be suspended or dismissed from school after repeated dishonesties; they will also be plagued, especially if their dishonesties go undetected, by a guilty conscience. There is no "getting away with it": a scarlet letter "P" will burn within and, who knows?, manifest itself in some outward, facial sign. One need not be as Freudian as Hertz to recognize the rhetorical similarity between administrative warnings against plagiarism today and headmasterly or pastoral warnings against self-abuse some generations ago.

In fact, the similarity leads Hertz to an ingenious conclusion:

> [J]ust as the masturbation of children can serve to focus the anxieties of their elders about sexuality in general, so the plagiarizing of students can focus their teachers' anxieties about writing in general, more particularly about the kind of "writing" involved in teaching—the inscription of a culture's heritage on the minds of its young.

Thanks to Foucault and Derrida, the anxiety that Hertz refers to has been a very fashionable one among literary academics: is there, at this late date, anything "original" to say? Some would go still farther: since the irretrievably distant and troglodytic invention of language, has there *ever* been anything not "like" originality but simply "original"?

Well, as Johnson refuted Bishop Berkeley's idealist conundrum—is an object "really there" if no one is present to perceive it?—by kicking a stone, so, as in *Rambler* No. 143 cited above, he might commonsensically have allayed an academic's anxieties about originality. There is something annoyingly unoriginal about harping on the impossibility of originality. And it is gratifying to report that, since Hertz wrote "An Extravagant Teaching" (1982), the academic understanding of "how truths are arrived at" has taken some pressure off writing in general. The thrust of Angélil-Carter's book is to apply that understanding to teaching, on the tacit assumption that very few students are Al Capone, and most are tolerably open to the suggestion that they might become an Alcibiades.

Most research and thought in the social sciences and even in the humanities depends on collective effort. Therefore it is becoming common classroom practice to teach writing as a collaborative act. (1) Sarah's draft gets criticized by James and Andrew before revisions are suggested by the instructor; (2) Sarah is assured that it is perfectly acceptable—indeed, inevitable—that she borrow many of her data and ideas from scholars in the field; (3) she is coached how to refer to those scholars; and (4) she is freed to leave "common knowledge" (e.g. that *Hamlet* is a play set in Denmark) or "deep sources" (bits of information and ideas gotten from she-knows-not-where in her own experience) un-footnoted.

The aim of all this pedagogic reassurance, and the patience with which enlightened instructors deal with the vast majority of plagiarism cases that arise from uncertainty about (2) and (3), is not to dissolve students' writing in a river of joint discourse. It is to enable them first to feel at home in whatever field they are writing about (sociology, say), and then to hear their own voice taking part in the conversation that experts in that field are having. To make, in short, an original contribution.

Anyway, this is the aim, however small the number of students who grow up to offer anything that sticklers would call original. It is quite enough if most students learn to "say things for themselves." But students' papers and journalists' articles are not literature. The literary writer can be Johnson's "inferior genius," good at artfully imitating—borrowing and rearranging materials from—trailblazers. And then there is the superior and far rarer genius, the trailblazer himself, who, besides synthesizing and advancing what the tradition has accrued before him, also says something for himself.

Ambrose, Goodwin, and Crafts are not even close to producing literature in either the inferior or the superior mode. When confronted with their plagiarisms, we expect them (or in Crafts's case her editor, Gates) to explain, apologize, withdraw current printings, provide attributions or acknowledgments in fu-

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ture ones, and—when it is an instance of one living author lifting from another—perhaps pay monetarily for the stolen intellectual property, though the potatoes in most such cases are pitiably tiny.

What do we say, then, about literary writers of real stature? How Sterne welded bits of Robert Burton and others into *Tristram Shandy*, making a new something out of old somethings; how Coleridge fitted transposed pages of August Schlegel or Friedrich Schelling into the self-born reminiscences and insights of the *Biographia*, a prose work that can stand beside "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" or "Kubla Khan": these are akin to how Shakespeare took a passage from Plutarch describing Cleopatra's barge and "made it new" in Enobarbus' speech in *Antony and Cleopatra*: "The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne, / Burned on the water," etc.

This does not mean that literary writers work under an ethical dispensation different from the rest of us, or that, today at least, they are under no obligation to respect their living or still-copyright-protected competitors and find a stylistically graceful way to acknowledge their borrowings. But insofar as literary writers are up to something big, the energy of metamorphosis in their borrowings may be seen to derive from, and to produce, that ineffable quality we call creative originality—the imaginative power that, as Eliot would say, makes a creator's filchings "mature" and finally classic. When, as with Sterne, the author is a simple copycat, then, on condition that the work itself is something great, we just have to acknowledge ourselves in the presence of a masterpiece fashioned by a morally spotted human being—not an unusual circumstance.

Up close, it is notoriously difficult to distinguish superior from inferior literary genius, morally spotted as either may be. But time, the only medium in which taste can unfold, will sort out the large fish from the little satisfactorily enough. Looking back at the large ones congregated in our libraries, like Dante's heathen heroes in Limbo, we may notice that there is a lot of arguing going on, but very little possession-crazed casting of stones. In the meantime, for the lesser fry, there is always the law, and the letter "P."

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ART

Gauguin's Genius

Steven C. Munson

IN THE chain of painterly innovation that would come to define modernism in art, Paul Gauguin formed a key link. That in itself is a reason not to miss *Gauguin in New York Collections: The Lure of the Exotic*, an exhibit on view at the Metropolitan Museum of Art through October 20. While this is not a full-scale retrospective, it is the first major Gauguin show to be mounted in New York since 1959 (the last one was also at the Met). And although the show is not as well laid out as it might have been—the 119 paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures are arranged in close proximity to one another, at times a little too close for comfort—it contains examples from every phase of Gauguin's career and clearly reveals the many influences with which he grappled and that he sought to assimilate, often within a single painting. One sees in these works the early impact of Impressionism and Cézanne; the subsequent effect of Japanese art and of the Symbolist movement, of which Gauguin became a recognized leader; and finally the emergence of his mature style, which was at once unique, varied, and inspiring.

LIKE VINCENT Van Gogh, with whom he spent a brief but eventful time in the south of France, Paul Gauguin led a turbulent and somewhat notorious life. Born in Paris in 1848, he was taken by his parents to Lima, where his mother had relatives (among them the president of Peru), when he was three. His father died en route; four years later, his mother took him back to France to settle in Orléans, where he completed his education at the lycée. At seventeen, he joined the merchant marine and then the navy, spending several years sailing much of the world. After his mother's death in 1871, he returned to Paris at the age of twenty-three and began a decade-long career in stock brokering and banking. Along the way, he married a Danish woman, fathered five children, and started collecting contemporary works of art by, among others, Manet, Renoir, Monet, Cézanne, and Pissarro, amassing what at the time was a truly remarkable collection. He also took up Sunday painting.

Gauguin's business career ended with the stock-market crash of 1882. Thereafter, he devoted all his time to painting. Within a few years, and after a failed attempt to live with his wife and children in Copenhagen, he would enter into the poverty that plagued him until the end of his life. He also suffered bouts of depression, one leading to a failed suicide attempt in the South Seas, where he first settled in 1891 and, after a brief hiatus, returned in 1895 to spend the rest of his life. But through all of his various crises, including physical hardship and serious illness, he maintained an overriding conviction of his own greatness—a conviction that frequently grated on or alienated others.

In the public mind, the notoriety that surrounded Gauguin after he moved to Tahiti, where he set up house with a young woman and fathered more children before succumbing to syphilis in 1903, has sometimes tended to overshadow his art. As his collected writings

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make clear, he was often at odds with people—whether the official art establishment, reactionary art critics, the Catholic church, or the community of French colonials who tried to befriend him in Tahiti. Overbearing and demanding, he mooched off his friends while evidently making passes at their wives and girlfriends. He was half-educated and mostly self-taught as both a thinker and an artist. But he was also a powerful stimulus to younger painters and others, including important Symbolist poets and critics who came to champion him as a leader of the avant-garde.

It was his art, not his life or what people thought of him, that concerned him most. As he wrote characteristically in an 1888 letter to Emile Schuffenecker, another painter who had forsaken the stock market:

> I know that people will understand me less and less. What does it matter if I become remote from other people; for most of them I'll be a riddle, for a few I'll be a poet, and sooner or later what is good comes into its own.
>
> Never mind; be that as it may, I tell you that I will succeed in producing first-class things—I know it and we'll see.

In this, Gauguin was as good as his word. Having begun as a collector of Impressionist art, he became acquainted with many of the leading painters of the day; after he began to paint seriously, he considered himself to be carrying forward the Impressionist banner. But by the late 1880's, he had developed a twofold critique of Impressionism: that the optical realism it sought was, ultimately, yet another effort to imitate reality, in the tradition of *trompe l'oeil*; and that, as such, it failed to get at the deeper reality beyond visual sensations.

It was in pursuit of this intangible reality that Gauguin left Paris for the rugged coastal villages of Brittany—Pont-Aven and Le Pouldu—in early 1888. What he was after he indicated in a letter to Schuffenecker: "I like Brittany. Here I find a savage, primitive quality. When my wooden shoes echo on this granite ground, I hear the dull, muted, powerful sound I am looking for in painting."

In Brittany, writes one of the contributors to the catalogue for the Met exhibit, "Gauguin discovered the wellspring of his art: his intense desire to capture the soul of a naive culture." I would put it somewhat differently: in Brittany, he found the formal means of fulfilling a desire that had already come to him, in inchoate form, in his response to a visit he had made to Martinique in 1887, during which he wrote of endlessly sketching in order to "penetrate the true character" of the local Negro women. In hitting on those formal means, what proved decisive was his encounter in Brittany with a younger painter and intellectual named Emile Bernard, who was steeped in the ideas of the Symbolist movement of the Parisian literary avant-garde and was seeking to apply them to painting.

The spirit and goals of this new movement were described by one of its leading lights, the poet Stephane Mallarmé:

> To *name* an object is to suppress three-fourths of the enjoyment of the poem, which consists of the pleasure of comprehending little by little; to *suggest* it, that is the dream. It is the perfect utilization of this mystery that constitutes symbolism: to evoke an object bit by bit in order to show a mood or, conversely, to choose an object and extract a mood from it by a series of decipherings.

Bernard's application of this aesthetic to painting, which Gauguin beheld for the first time in Pont-Aven, is described by the historian John Rewald:

> Bernard had done powerfully modeled still lifes which suggested in certain ways the influence of Cézanne, though more simplified in design. His landscapes showed a tendency to convert his subjects into large, flat patterns, and his portraits . . . were extremely strong in their contrasts of solid planes, in the sharpness of their lines, in the balance of their masses. If Gauguin had really been preoccupied with synthesis, here was certainly a far-reaching attempt to achieve it.

Through his collaboration with Bernard, Gauguin was able to recognize what it was he had been struggling toward: the development of an aesthetic based on simplification of forms (in contrast to the complicated technique of Impressionism or the "scientific" approach of the emerging pointillists, led by Georges Seurat) and on what he called an "exaggerated" use of color (another kind of simplification). This would enable him to incorporate more fully into his work his imaginative response to the life, including the spiritual or mental life, of the people and the place in which he sought to immerse himself. His guiding principle was expressed in a letter to Schuffenecker: "A bit of advice, don't copy nature too closely. Art is an abstraction; as you dream amid nature, extrapolate art from it and concentrate on what you will create as a result."

AT THE Met, one can see good examples of the works created during this formative period, including *The Yellow Christ* (1889), a work inspired by a crucifix Gauguin came upon in a local church. Another painting from this period, *Washerwomen at the Roubine de Roi, Arles*, executed in late 1888, shows how Gauguin would combine Cézannist brushwork and modeling of the landscape with the use of broader, flatter areas of color to delineate the forms of his figures. Still another, religiously-themed painting, which is not in the Met show, is *Jacob*

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Wrestling with an Angel (1888), about which the great Impressionist Camille Pissarro, Gauguin's first and only teacher, had some disparaging things to say in a letter to his son:

> I do not criticize Gauguin for having painted a vermilion background, nor do I object to the two struggling warriors and the Breton peasant women in the foreground; what I do mind is that he swiped these elements from the Japanese, the Byzantine painters, and others. I criticize him for not applying his synthesis to our modern philosophy which is absolutely . . . anti-mystical.

Pissarro was not alone in reacting negatively to Gauguin's experiments in simplification and "synthesis." But his alarm over the "backward" direction he thought his former protégé was headed in made no difference to Gauguin; armed with a new clarity about his aims, he quickly surpassed Bernard and became the recognized leader of the new "synthesist" (a term that he himself preferred to Symbolist) movement. His rise was abetted in no small part by his tireless and persuasive efforts at self-promotion, which led, among other things, to a break with Bernard over Gauguin's failure to give the younger man due credit for his role.

By this time, too, Gauguin had developed a renewed and deeper appreciation of Cézanne—an appreciation that would seem to have gone unreciprocated. In fact, just before Gauguin left France in April 1891 on his first trip to Tahiti, Cézanne is reputed to have complained that he had "stolen my *petite sensation* in order to roam with it through the South Seas." (As for the "*petite sensation*" itself, a reference to Cézanne's method of building a painting's surface with small strokes of color, one of its effects was well captured in a phrase of Gauguin's, who remarked that Cézanne's "backgrounds are as imaginative as they are real"; the same could be said of Gauguin, only more so.)

THE PAINTINGS at the Met offer ample justification for Cézanne's complaint, but most of all they show the truly remarkable variety of sources that Gauguin drew upon—among them, in addition to those already cited, Egyptian and Javanese art—and then how he varied his formal techniques in order to express his vision of Tahiti. That vision itself he would later seek to explain to those who, in his words, held it "to be incomprehensible":

> [A]s I want to suggest an exuberant and wild nature and a tropical sun which sets on fire everything around it, I have to give my figures an appropriate frame. It really is open-air life, although intimate; in the thickets and the shaded brooks, those whispering women in an immense palace decorated by nature itself with all the riches that Tahiti holds. Hence these fabulous colors and this fiery yet softened and silent air.
>
> But [one might say that] all this does not exist!
>
> Yes, it exists as the equivalent of the grandeur and profundity of this mystery of Tahiti, when it must be expressed on a canvas one meter square.

In short, it was in Tahiti that Gauguin finally came into his own. There, he found a way to bring together all of the disparate influences that he had been drawn to and admired, to align more closely his means and ends, to wed style—his own newly emerging style—both to his sense of place and to his growing interest in the decorative. As he wrote in an 1889 essay:

> Why real roses, real leaves? Decoration involves so much poetry. Yes, gentlemen, it takes a tremendous imagination to decorate any surface tastefully, and it is a far more abstract art than the servile imitation of nature. In the Dieulafoy Gallery at the Louvre, have a close look at the bas-reliefs of the lions. I maintain that enormous genius was required to imagine flowers that are the muscles of animals or muscles that are flowers. All of the dreamy, mystical Orient is to be found there.

A dreamy quality is, indeed, one of the distinguishing features of Gauguin's most accomplished works. There are, of course, substantive ideas, mainly religious, hovering about such paintings as *Te Aa No Areois (The Seed of the Areois)* [1892], *Ia Orana Maria (Hail Mary)* [1891], *Manao Tupapau (The Spirit of the Dead Is Watching)* [1892], and *Hina Tefatou (The Moon and the Earth)* [1893], but they are hardly noticeable. And whether one interprets those ideas in terms of Symbolism, Catholicism, or native superstition, it seems clear that the paintings are not intended to be expressions of ideas *per se*. Rather, the ideas, or their indications, seem to have served for Gauguin the same function as nature: that is, they helped him to organize the acts of imagining and to execute his compositions.

In other words, the ideas are relevant insofar as they belong to what might be called the anthropological essence of Gauguin's art. Presumably because he understood that to get at the soul of any culture, one must understand the character of its women, groups of women were a subject to which he was already drawn in Brittany. In Tahiti, now mostly unclothed, they, and especially his young mistress Tehura, became a dominant motif.

Gauguin's treatment of Tahitian women, with their solid, child-woman bodies, their pensive faces, their deliberate but relaxed comportment, gives his paintings a muted haunting air, an air of indescribable meaning, of mystery suggested but not resolved. Just as his renderings of the landscape convey the stillness and heat and enveloping lushness of the physical surroundings, so he engages the nature of these Tahitian women and the depth of their interior life, creating in the

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process surfaces that seem infused with a delicate and intangible softness.

"A fully clothed woman by [the academic painter] Carolus-Duran is smutty," wrote Gauguin. "A nude by Degas is chaste." Degas was another painter Gauguin greatly admired, and something similar could be said of Gauguin's own women, who are unselfconscious in their nakedness, who are full of unspoken thoughts in their half-smiles, but who, unlike Degas's, are usually quite aware of being observed. The subdued eroticism of these women seems simply continuous with their imagined environment, as unobtrusive as the half-hidden angel in *Hail Mary*.

What is not unobtrusive is color. From his fantastic orchestrations of color—as in *Te Poipoi (Morning)* [1892]—one gets the impression that at some point color itself, as embraced, mediated, and deployed by Gauguin's own peculiar genius, was given free rein. What Rewald writes of one painting could apply to others as well:

> The glowing tropical colors are emphasized, but they are of a nature quite different from those he had recently used in France. While they are strong and powerful throughout, he has avoided the sharp clashes which he had favored in some of his earlier synthesist works. His reds and blues, his purples and yellows exist side by side without feuding; in spite of their forcefulness, the general aspect . . . is less one of contrast than of harmony. Nobody before him had ever painted with such pungent colors, not even van Gogh.

Such harmony is brilliantly achieved in *The Siesta* (1891-92), a work whose theme and composition recall Manet. An even more dazzling effect occurs in *Tahitian Women Bathing* (1892), a painting that is said to have been unfinished but that leaves one stunned by the intensity of the contrasting color, the monumentality of the main figure (a woman who stands facing away from the viewer), and the drastically simplified design. *Two Tahitian Women* (1899) is differently executed but raises a question to which it seems there can be no answer: is one captivated by the beauty of the figures, in this case particularly the woman on the left, or by the extraordinary beauty of the painting? In such works and others, Gauguin's art creates a real and unreal world of which the women he painted were a central part.

DESPITE SUCH achievements, it must be said that the Met show also raises another question, and that is the question of Gauguin's greatness. There can be little doubt that, along with Cézanne and van Gogh, he "ranks as a founding father of modern art," as the critic Clement Greenberg put it in a 1946 review of a Gauguin show in a New York gallery. More than two decades earlier, the critic Roger Fry had succinctly described the nature of these same artists' breakthrough as the overthrow of "the pseudo-scientific assumption that fidelity to appearance was the measure of art." One consequence of this revolution, Fry added, was that we were "no longer cut off from a great deal of barbaric and primitive art, the very meaning of which [had] escaped the understanding of those who demanded a certain standard of skill in representation before they could give serious consideration to a work of art."

Both van Gogh and Gauguin have been described at times as "primitivists." And this, indeed, is the basis on which Greenberg ultimately rested his judgment that Gauguin was *not* a great painter, even granting "his genius, his revolutionary accomplishment, and the major influence he exerted on major painters." Rather, Greenberg contended, Gauguin's was "a case of premature and uneven development," and Greenberg then itemized what he saw as the formal problems in his work:

> Gauguin either too drastically simplifies the large, central masses or complicates excessively the distribution of the smaller, subsidiary spots of color. Frequently he commits both errors in the same picture. Hence they tend to be noisy; the brilliant hues and spectacular contours strike us at their own will, so to speak, without coherence or dramatic unity. And frankly, Gauguin does not draw well enough.

Although the term "noisy" seems particularly inapt, there is a good deal of truth in this critique—the unevenness of Gauguin's development and art is certainly evident in the show at the Met. And yet the very things that Greenberg cited as deficiencies seem to me an inseparable part of what makes Gauguin's art, at its best, so powerfully pleasing to both the mind and the eye. It is also odd that a formalist critic like Greenberg, a champion of "pure painting" in the mode of abstraction, would have objected to what would seem to be one of Gauguin's boldest accomplishments—namely, works in which color and contour "strike us at their own will."

But what is most interesting about Greenberg's critique is that he located the source of Gauguin's formal failings in his decision to leave France for Tahiti on what the critic believed was an impossible mission:

> The "mystical" literature that Pissarro accused Gauguin of trying to inject into modern art and the romanticism of the primitive and the exotic that subsequently replaced it are the sources of [his] stylization, which is the encompassing fault of Gauguin's later painting. . . . [H]e did not understand that his dissatisfaction with Europe could not be relieved by transporting himself elsewhere in space and culture, that he remained in the 19th century wher-

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ever he went. . . . The result is something partly artificial, something that lacks reality, however much of genius it shows.

Here again, although there is much truth in what Greenberg says, what he found deficient may actually be considered one of Gauguin's essential virtues. Visitors to the Met show will notice two paintings executed in the tropics that look, or partially look, as if they were painted in France. But they will also see one of the most beautiful works, *A Farm in Brittany* (1894), that clearly contains a memory of Tahiti but in no way suffers from what Greenberg called "the divided aims that hurt so much of Gauguin's paintings." On the basis of this and many other works, it is hard to credit Greenberg's contention that Gauguin "would, perhaps, have realized himself more fully had he stayed closer to the spirit of Impressionism."

It is even harder to credit the idea that Gauguin, in leaving France behind, was doomed to fail. For the conflicts, artistic and non-artistic, he took with him to the South Seas were no less on display in France and, indeed, seem to have been part of his very nature. That in Tahiti he did not fully resolve those conflicts is clear, but whether that settles the question of his greatness is not. It may be that Gauguin's divided nature, expressed in his art, is exactly what causes us to want both to doubt and to affirm his greatness as a painter.

Music

Lives of the (Jazz) Artists

Terry Teachout

All art is in some sense autobiographical, if only because it is self-expressive—a fact that many artists are understandably reluctant to admit. Jazz musicians, however, are more forthright than others about the extra-musical matters reflected in their work, sometimes even to the point of suggesting an intimate connection between the sound of their music and the personalities of the men and women who make it:

> The selfish or shallow person might be a great musician technically, but he'll be so involved with himself that his playing will lack warmth, intensity, beauty, and won't be deeply felt by the listener. . . . A person that lets the other guy take the first solo, and when he plays behind a soloist plays only to enhance him, that's the guy that will care about his wife and children and will be courteous in his everyday contact with people.

The speaker is the alto saxophonist Art Pepper, writing in his 1979 memoir *Straight Life: The Story of Art Pepper.* The naiveté of Pepper's assertion is underlined by the fact that his book is the unintentionally revealing tale of a drug addict and small-time thief whose personal behavior bordered on the sociopathic, but who also happened to be one of the outstanding jazz soloists of the 1950's. But what is significant about Pepper's view of the relationship between art and personality is not that it is naive, but that he took the trouble to write it down—or, to be exact, to dictate it to his wife Laurie. For Pepper was one of a comparatively small number of famous jazz musicians to have published an autobiography, and *Straight Life* is one of the few such books to be more than superficially illuminating about its subject.

As a rule, jazz memoirs leave the reader asking more questions than they answer, and too often the questions they do answer are of interest only to their authors' ardent fans. For this reason, the publication of

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A Jazz Odyssey: The Life of Oscar Peterson, written by Peterson in collaboration with the literary scholar and jazz journalist Richard Palmer, is a noteworthy occasion.[1] It would have been so in any case, since Peterson is one of the most admired (if controversial) pianists in the history of jazz. But *A Jazz Odyssey* is exceptional not because Peterson has written a "tell-all" chronicle of his life in jazz but because he has chosen to write a very different sort of book, in the process challenging the tacit assumptions on which the vast majority of jazz autobiographies have been based.

WHILE IT is not uncommon for novelists and poets to write autobiographies, other artists are less likely to produce accounts of their life and work. More often, their writings consist of criticism, as in the case of Fairfield Porter, a great American painter who was also one of the finest art critics of the 20th century. A number of nonverbal artists, among them Mozart, Delacroix, and Van Gogh, have left behind either lengthy diaries or large runs of correspondence. But I can think of only two truly distinguished autobiographies written without assistance by indisputably major creative artists working in nonverbal media: Hector Berlioz's *Memoirs* (1870) and Paul Taylor's *Private Domain: An Autobiography* (1987).[2]

The situation is no different in jazz. Prior to World War II, it was unusual for jazz musicians to have gone to college—some had little or no formal schooling of any kind—and while many were capable of speaking memorably about their art, only a handful attempted to write about it. The exceptions included the alto saxophonist Paul Desmond and the pianists Marian McPartland and Dick Wellstood, all of whom were gifted writers of prose. But these aside, only three well-known jazz musicians—Mel Tormé, Artie Shaw, and Louis Armstrong—have published memoirs written without the aid of a ghostwriter, and their efforts suggest some of the limitations of jazz autobiography.[3]

Tormé, a popular singer whose work became increasingly jazz-oriented from the 1950's on, was also a part-time writer whose books included *The Other Side of the Rainbow* (1970), a reminiscence of his relationship with Judy Garland; *Traps, the Drum Wonder* (1991), a biography-memoir of the drummer Buddy Rich; and *My Singing Teachers* (1994), a collection of critical essays about other singers. But his most ambitious literary undertaking was *It Wasn't* All *Velvet* (1988), a breezily written 384-page autobiography full of well-told show-business anecdotes. Unfortunately, the book was intended for a popular audience, and thus had more to say about Tormé's love life than about his singing.

In *The Trouble with Cinderella: An Outline of Identity* (1952), by contrast, the clarinetist-bandleader Artie Shaw scrupulously avoided the subject of his much-publicized marriages to Ava Gardner and Lana Turner. Indeed, Shaw's autobiography is unique among jazz memoirs in its aspirations to literary seriousness. (Two years after it appeared, Shaw retired from music to devote himself to writing.) But while it contains penetrating discussions of musical issues, the bulk of *The Trouble with Cinderella* is devoted to Shaw's attempt to catalogue and analyze the devastating effects of what he calls "$ucce$$" on an ill-educated musician who at the age of twenty-eight suddenly found himself one of the most famous men in America. Hence, as its author intended, the book is of interest primarily as a study in the psychology of celebrity.

Louis Armstrong's *Satchmo: My Life in New Orleans* (1954), the best autobiography to be published by a major jazz musician, has even less to say about music than *The Trouble with Cinderella* and *It Wasn't* All *Velvet*, albeit for a different reason. Beyond the simple pleasures of childhood reminiscence, Armstrong's chief purpose in telling the story of his Horatio Alger-like youth is to pay homage to the 19th-century ethic of individual responsibility and deferred gratification that made it possible for him to escape the abject poverty into which he was born:

> I don't want anyone to feel I'm posing as a plaster saint. Like everyone I have my faults, but I always have believed in making an honest living. I was determined to play my horn against all odds, and I had to sacrifice a whole lot of pleasure to do so.

ALL THREE of these books are stylishly and compellingly written, and would be engaging even to a reader who knew little of jazz. Beyond their literary appeal, however, they are no less significant as primary historical sources—the only full-length autobiographies that present the reminiscences of important jazz musicians in wholly or essentially unmediated form.

It is thus all the more disappointing that, in *Satchmo* as in his other writings, Armstrong spends so

[1] Continuum, 382 pp., $29.95.

[2] To this list one might also add Virgil Thomson's *Virgil Thomson* (1966) and the autobiographical writings of the American composer Ned Rorem, though Thomson now seems likely to be remembered more for his criticism than for his music.

[3] The bassist-composer Charles Mingus wrote a third-person memoir, *Beneath the Underdog* (1971), which reportedly underwent drastic editing prior to publication. In addition, a number of less widely known jazz musicians have written excellent autobiographies, among them the pianist Don Asher's *Notes from a Battered Grand* (1992) and the bassist Bill Crow's *From Birdland to Broadway* (1992). No less satisfying in their unpretentious way are some of the better ghostwritten memoirs by journeyman players with no pretense to literary talent: the clarinetist Barney Bigard's *With Louis and the Duke* (1986, with Barry Martyn), the pianist Hampton Hawes's *Raise Up Off Me* (1974, with Don Asher), the trumpeter Max Kaminsky's *Jazz Band* (1963, with V.E. Hughes), the bassist-manager John Levy's *Men, Women, and Girl Singers* (2000, with Devra Hall), and the tenor saxophonist Arthur Rollini's *Thirty Years With the Big Bands* (1987, with Barbara Gideon, Mary Fritchie, and Elizabeth Buley).

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little time talking about the actual process of music-making. And to turn to the ghostwritten autobiographies produced by other leading jazz musicians is to be similarly disappointed, and worse. Because we do not know to what extent their nominal "authors" have been responsible for their contents, their value as primary source material is questionable; nor can they be considered true works of literary art. Even in the presence of so gracefully poetic a narrative as the soprano saxophonist Sidney Bechet's *Treat It Gentle* (1960, with Joan Reid, Desmond Flower, and John Ciardi), or so seemingly individual a "voice" as that heard in the guitarist-bandleader Eddie Condon's *We Called It Music* (1947, with Thomas Sugrue), one inevitably wonders how much credit is deserved by the ghostwriter.[4]

In any event, what is usually on display in these books is a bland, unrevealing voice that fails to convince on any level. Benny Goodman's *The Kingdom of Swing* (1939, with Irving Kolodin), Duke Ellington's *Music Is My Mistress* (1973, with Stanley Dance), and Count Basie's *Good Morning Blues* (1985, with Albert Murray) shed little light on the inner lives of their nominal authors, and still less on the music made by those remarkable men. No doubt, in some cases, they themselves were either inarticulate or unintrospective. But the problem this presents has often been compounded by the fact that most jazz memoirs are written by collaborators who are not themselves trained musicians. It is hard enough for musicians to describe what they do in nontechnical language. When laymen attempt to elicit such descriptions from them, the results are almost always unspecific and opaque, as in Duke Ellington's tribute to Sidney Bechet:

> Bechet to me was the very epitome of jazz. He represented and executed everything that had to do with the beauty of it all, and everything he played in his whole life was completely original. . . . He was truly a great man, and no one has ever been able to play like him.

Small wonder, then, that the best parts of most jazz autobiographies often have little or nothing to do with jazz *per se*. It is true that when Art Pepper tells us about doing hard time in San Quentin, or Miles Davis describes how he was beaten by racist policemen outside a New York nightclub, we are hearing about experiences that may have been of the utmost relevance to their work. But the experiences themselves were not specifically musical, and it is left to the reader to speculate on the elusive alchemy by which they were transformed into art.

In recent years, several books about jazz have presented first-person reminiscence in a different format, one more closely resembling the oral-history interviews conducted by academic scholars.

A good example is Burt Korall's newly published *Drummin' Men—The Heartbeat of Jazz: The Bebop Years*, a collection of critical essays about jazz drummers of the 1940's and 1950's into which Korall has incorporated lengthy excerpts from interviews with musicians of the period.[5] Himself a trained drummer, Korall is musically much more comprehending than the average jazz journalist, and his use of interview material adds immediacy to his vivid descriptions of the playing of such key figures as Kenny Clarke, Mel Lewis, Shelly Manne, and Max Roach.

Books like *Drummin' Men* are without question an improvement on the oddly faceless "memoirs" that dominate the first-person literature of jazz. Yet in the end, there is no substitute for the convincingly written full-length autobiography, whether ghosted or not, a fact of which we are reminded by Oscar Peterson's *A Jazz Odyssey*.

At seventy-seven, Peterson remains an ambiguous figure, admired by audiences and most (though not all) musicians but held in something approaching contempt by many (though not most) critics. The first world-class jazz soloist to be born and trained in Canada, he made his U.S. debut at Carnegie Hall in 1949, immediately establishing himself as a florid, hard-swinging pianist with a highly developed virtuoso technique derived from extensive classical study.[6] Long a fixture at Norman Granz's popular Jazz at the Philharmonic concerts, he eventually became a star in his own right, though such critics as Whitney Balliett and Max Harrison (as well as Miles Davis, the most influential jazz musician of the 1950's) dismissed his playing as glib and superficial.

Peterson, however, has little to say about his critics in *A Jazz Odyssey*, or about his sometimes tempestuous private life. Instead, he concentrates for the most part on specifically musical matters, which he explores in considerable detail. This preference for making musical points affects even his keenly observed portraits of other artists, as in the book's delightful vignette of the night the tenor saxophonist Flip Phillips was misguided enough to take on Ella Fitzgerald, famous for

[4] In the case of Miles Davis's *Miles: The Autobiography* (1989, with Quincy Troupe), serious questions of authenticity have been raised by critics and scholars, while other ghostwritten jazz memoirs, most notably Billie Holiday's *Lady Sings the Blues* (1956, with William Dufty), are now generally acknowledged to be substantially inauthentic.

[5] Oxford University Press, 308 pp., $35.00. Of similar interest is Korall's *Drummin' Men—The Heartbeat of Jazz: The Swing Years*, originally published in 1990, which will be reissued by Oxford in November.

[6] Among the best of Peterson's many albums currently available on CD are *The Oscar Peterson Trio at Zardi's*, recorded live in 1955 with the guitarist Herb Ellis and the bassist Ray Brown (Pablo 2PACD-2620-118-2, two CD's); *Stan Getz and the Oscar Peterson Trio*, recorded in 1957 with Ellis, Brown, and the tenor saxophonist Stan Getz (Verve 827 826-2); *Night Train*, recorded in 1962 with Brown and the drummer Ed Thigpen (Verve 821 724-2); and *My Favorite Instrument*, an album of unaccompanied piano solos recorded in 1968 (Verve 821 843-2).

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her unsparing competitiveness in jam-session settings, or Peterson's discussion of Fred Astaire, with whom he recorded in 1952.

In the latter case, Peterson goes beyond the mere evocation of a movie star's off-stage personality to tell us about Astaire's approach to singing:

> Dancing, his time was so strict that he could make an accompaniment sound early or late; his vocal time, however, was very loose, uninhibited, and unmeasured. I found the best way to accompany him was to give him a long harmonic chord-cushion and let him take his natural liberties with metronomic time. . . . For all his rhythmic feel, Fred was not naturally attuned to jazz phrasing, and it was at times perilously easy to throw him via the wrong intro or a misplaced fill. We learned to gauge our ad-lib lines around and behind him very carefully, giving him enough time to hear his place of reentry coming up; we also stuck firmly to the normal harmonic clusters, as any kind of "modern" dissonance could phase [*sic*] him or make him worried about his own intonation.

I quote this passage at length both because it is characteristic of Peterson's approach and because it is uncharacteristic of jazz autobiography in general. Despite his gifts as a raconteur, Peterson is not a natural writer—his ghostwritten prose is too often stiff and ostentatious—but when he speaks of music, the results have a clarity and specificity rarely found in books of this genre. And unlike most jazz memoirists, he is even willing to be critical of other players, including some of the most admired musicians in jazz. Peterson's analysis of the "uneven and unfinished" playing of the bebop pianist Bud Powell, for instance, cuts sharply against the grain of conventional critical wisdom, and whether or not one agrees with his conclusions, they merit scrutiny not only in their own right but for the perspective they offer on his own remarkable technical achievements.

Most valuable of all are Peterson's discussions of the groups with which he himself has been associated, especially the much-admired trio he led from 1953 to 1958 with Herb Ellis on guitar and Ray Brown on bass:

> I was able to initiate musical directives via my playing that would indicate to Ray and Herb exactly how much rhythmic steam I wanted behind me. . . . [M]y articulation on the piano would sometimes deepen, thereby indicating the need for a heavier "walking" type of time behind me. Another enabling device was the repeat of a definitive rhythmic figure that would serve as a gathering point for all of us. Many times, were you to be close enough to the Trio on stage, you would hear Ray say something like "O.K., Herb, let's tighten him up!"

Passages like these make an implicit point about the nature of autobiography. A memoirist need not be capable of turning his life's story into a work of literary art to produce a book of permanent value. But that book will succeed only to the extent that it tells us about his work—the sole claim an artist has on the attention of posterity. Otherwise, it amounts to little more than gossip.

A Jazz Odyssey is far from artful (though never less than readable), but I can think of no other jazz autobiography that has made the mysteries of music-making so readily accessible to the lay reader. Even those who dislike Oscar Peterson's playing will find his book informative—surely a near-unprecedented achievement. The result is a memorable contribution to the literature of jazz, and one can only hope that other musicians interested in telling their stories, whether on paper or into a tape recorder, will take it as a model.

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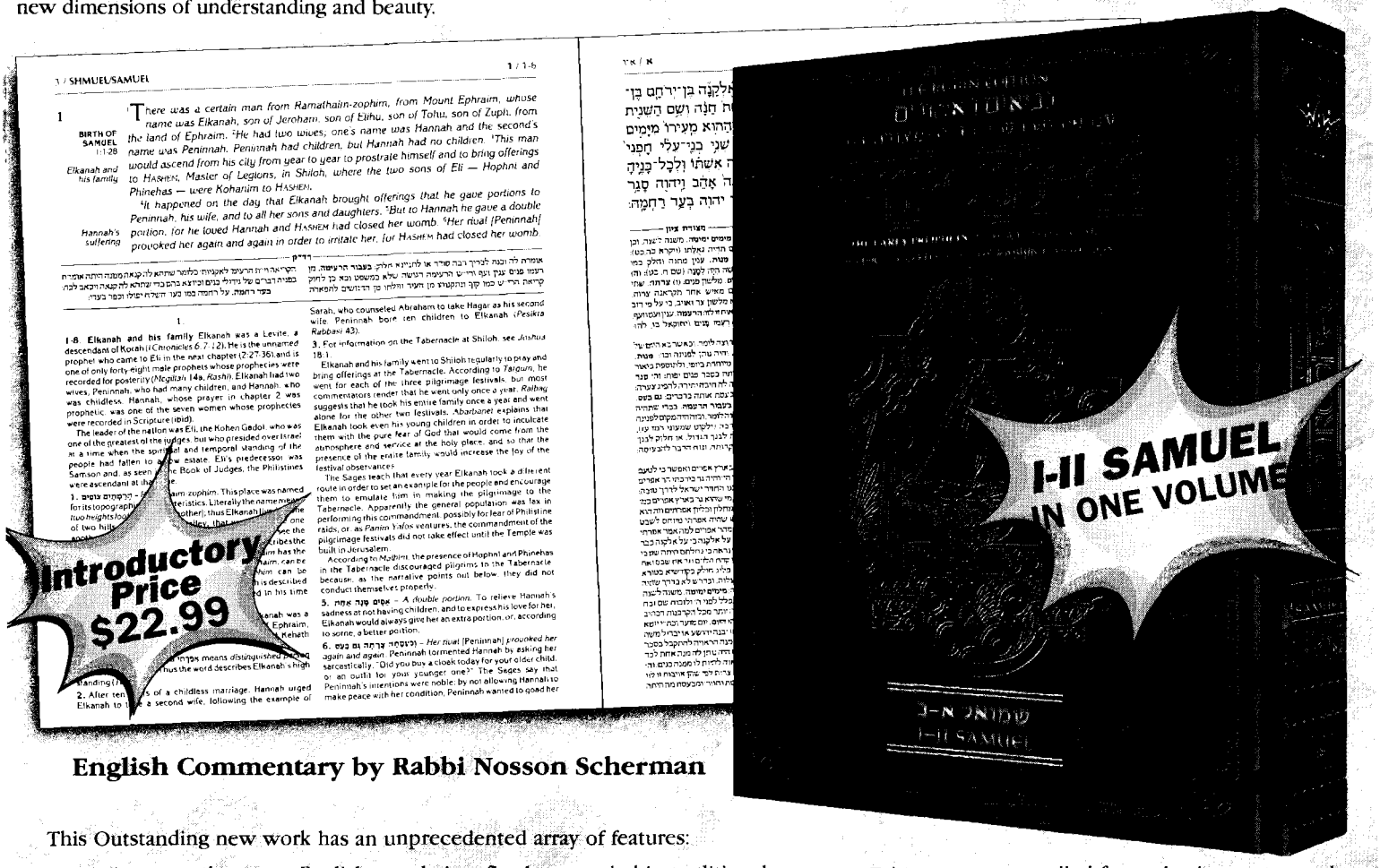

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Books in Review

Communist Camp

Koba the Dread:
Laughter and the
Twenty Million
by Martin Amis

Talk Miramax Books. 306 pp. $24.95

Reviewed by
David Pryce-Jones

THE ABASEMENT of so many Western intellectuals before Communism is one of the mysteries of the 20th century. To apologists of the kind, Communism was heir to the Enlightenment, and Lenin and Stalin were philosopher-kings. In the end, at least, many came to understand that they had deceived themselves with a form of superstition, and some even turned anti-Communist.

In England, one such was Kingsley Amis (1922-1995), the author of *Lucky Jim* and other novels defining the discontents of modern Britain. A powerful personality, Amis had an emotional compass that veered easily. In 1941, at the age of eighteen, he joined the Communist party at a time when many others had just left it on account of the 1939 Hitler-Stalin pact. Apparently, he stayed in the party until the USSR crushed the Hungarian uprising in 1956, but then he became one of the most passionate of anti-Communists. Someone who influenced him was Tibor Szamuely, a Hungarian-born exile who had been brought up in Moscow and was a survivor of the Gulag. But his closest friend and companion-in-arms was the poet Robert Conquest, also an ex-Communist and the author of *The Great Terror*, a scholarly study that helped to shift public opinion against Stalinism.

"Koba" was the name a few familiars used, at their peril, to address Stalin. In the opening section of *Koba the Dread*, Martin Amis, Kingsley's son and himself a novelist of note, describes how he grew up under the shadow of a man who could also be something of a Koba. By the time he was old enough to take stock of things, his father was one of Britain's most vociferous conservatives. Kingsley Amis and Conquest were *proud* to be Red-baiters, and Martin Amis jokes that he lived in a fascist house. By his own account, he paid little attention to the political argument going on over his head. He read Conquest's poems rather than his books about Communism.

In the mid-1970's, the younger Amis tells us, he joined the *New Statesman*, the established mouthpiece of the Left and a magazine with its own long history of abasement to Communism. On the staff there, among others of the breed, he found and befriended Christopher Hitchens, a Trotskyist who on weekends sold copies of the *Socialist Worker* on street corners. Something was wrong with Hitchens's prose, Amis thought: it was "the sense that the truth could be postponed." In a conversation about Stalin's enforced famine in the Ukraine during the 1930's, a policy that cost the lives of millions, Hitchens would accept only that there had been "shortages."

Slowly, in his own work, Amis

DAVID PRYCE-JONES, *the British political analyst, is a senior editor of* National Review *and the author of* The Strange Death of the Soviet Empire, *among other books.*

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came around to the politics he had earlier shunned. In one novel, he tackled Nazism and the Holocaust; in another, the fear of nuclear war. Now he has arrived at Stalin and Stalinism.

STALIN HIMSELF put his name to a history of the Soviet Communist party. Its title is usually abbreviated *Short Course*, and in the Soviet Union it was obligatory reading. "Iosif the Terrible: A Short Course" is the mimetic title of the central section of Amis's book—a primer of Stalin's inhuman career as a man, a husband and father, and a mass murderer. Rather disarmingly, Amis confides that in working up this material he read several yards of books about the Soviet experiment, and he falls back for evidence and support on quotations from the great authorities, including Solzhenitsyn, Evgenia Ginzburg, Nadezhda Mandelstam, Varlam Shalamov, Vasily Grossman, Dmitri Volkogonov, and, among Western scholars, Martin Malia and Robert Conquest (to the latter of whom the book is dedicated).

Anthology often takes the place of argument in this section of *Koba the Dread*, and the horrors recounted are by now too well known to be the novelties—the illuminations—that Amis seems to take them for. Who knows how many deaths Stalin was responsible for? Amis settles for twenty million, but it might well have been many more. Four million children died through Hitchens's agricultural "shortages." At the critical moment in June 1941 when Hitler broke his pact and invaded, Stalin ordered the shooting of 300 badly needed Soviet officers who were already in a concentration camp, adding their number to the more than 43,000 military men of all ranks previously executed in the Great Terror.

From such statistics and others like them, and as though hitting upon a revelation, Amis considers that Communism from Lenin to Stalin was altogether a war against human nature. Through terror, famine, slavery, and "monotonous and incorrigible failure," it achieved what he calls, with a typical flourish, "negative perfection."

Of course it is welcome that Amis gives his imprimatur even at this late stage to the accepted view that Stalin was a monster. A few people said so as long ago as the 1920's, and they and others continued to say so, monotonously and incorrigibly, when for decades they were unable to get a hearing. But Amis does not bring us much further than this. At some points he seems to suppose that Stalin was so out of touch with reality as to be more or less insane, while at other points he seems to suppose that, in the murderous logic of tyranny, Stalin was only doing what tyrants have to do in order to stay in power. Which was it, or was it something else again?

Amis also has his own way of postponing the truth, in his case by means of overblown language. To speak, for example, of the "glandular sensuality" of Stalin's malevolence, or to describe Stalin as a "bellowed rebuttal" of some Marxist thesis, is to blur meaning. "Stalin's superbity was omnivorous. His intention, or need, was to inundate an entire society with his own quiddity." Sentences like this appear to have been written solely for lexicographical impact.

SINCE AMIS'S language is not one into which moral judgments settle easily, he has conspicuous trouble pulling off a major theme that runs through this book—namely, the likeness between Stalin and Hitler (or, in another counterproductive flourish, between the Big Moustache and the Little Moustache). The two mass murderers did indeed have much in common. Gruesomely, at the time of his death Stalin was planning a persecution of the Jews to rival or complete Hitler's. But Amis also finds contrasts.

Hitler, he instructs us, meant what he said, and put it into practice. In Amis's judgment, nobody could ever joke about Nazi Germany, because what the Holocaust demands of us is nothing less than "species shame." Stalin, on the other hand, although he also meant what he said, could not conceivably put it into practice, and in this gap between word and deed Amis finds humor. "Immersion in Communism," he asserts, "will never cleanse that catastrophe of laughter." Or, in a similar obiter dictum: "We will all go on joking about it because there's something in Bolshevism that is painfully, unshirkably comic."

How is the humor that is inherent in Communism to be substantiated? Amis offers examples. Visitors to the Soviet Union used to be shown Potemkin villages rigged up especially for them. This "appearance of plenitude," as Amis calls it, was a setting appropriate for utopia "because it [was] farce," although the joke was on the dumb fellow-traveling visitors who fell for it rather than on the secret police who set it up. He also tells the story of one Lyubov Vasilievna Shaporina, who in 1937 went to cast her vote in elections. A single name was on the ballot, and at the sight of it she burst out laughing, only to find that others were doing the same. She commented in her diary: "Shame on them for putting grown people in such a ridiculous, stupid position."

Another example, taken from the writings of Solzhenitsyn: a certain Tanya Stankovskaya was on a train taking women to the Gulag. All of them had had their hair shorn. A Communist among them remarked that, in Czarist prisons, only half the head used to be shaved. At which Tanya exclaimed: "That's the spirit, girls! A vote of thanks to Comrade Stalin. . . . One's no longer shaved on only one side but on both. Thanks, father, leader, creator of our happiness!"

Still another example is a story Amis heard from his father. Just at the time when Tibor Szamuely was

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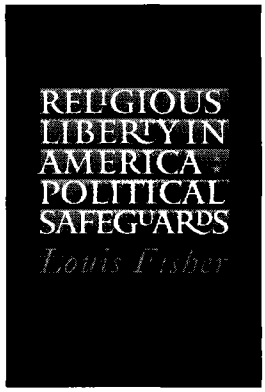

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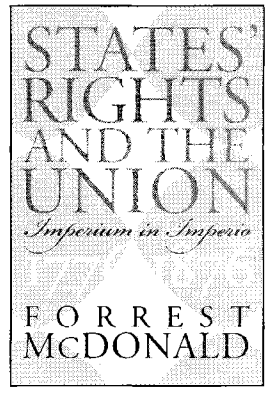

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being arrested and imprisoned in a cell along with several dozen others, Stalin was protesting to the United Nations about the wretched conditions in which Communist prisoners were held in Greece. Hearing about this, Szamuely and his fellow inmates began to guffaw. "Now, now, comrade! Remember the sufferings of our Greek fellow-fighters for peace against the Western oppressor!"

What is one to say about all these anecdotes, from which Amis draws the conclusion that Russia throughout its history has been one continuous black farce, with Communism merely a late and particularly striking episode? For one thing, there is nothing peculiarly Russian about them. The macabre gap between words and deeds was every bit as wide in Hitler's Germany, where SS thugs swore oaths upon their honor, the entrance gate at Auschwitz bore the slogan, "Work Makes You Free," and *lebensraum* involved the collapse and eventual partition of Germany itself. For another thing, Hitler's death camps yielded their own harvest of black humor, laughter being a universal mechanism of defiance and helpless anger. As for whether anybody ever dared joke about Nazism, has Amis never heard of Chaplin's *The Great Dictator*—or, for that matter, *The Producers*?

But the most damning aspect of Amis's rendering is that in it, Stalin dwindles into just one more comic Russian turn among others, and whether he was mad or complying with the logic of tyranny ceases to be of real significance. The awful, unutterable reality of what happened under Stalin—and under Hitler—is strangled in a childish conceit.

THE THIRD and closing section of this book is like a diary, the random notes of a self-indulgent author. It begins with an extremely mannered letter addressed to Christopher Hitchens, inviting him at last to recognize the error of his Trotskyist beliefs while also buttering him up and sending fraternal love. Then comes a passage in which Amis reveals that the crying of his small daughter one night brought to mind the screams from the dungeons of Moscow's notorious Butyrki prison, and so he nicknames her Butyrki or some diminutive of it. He pays a final tribute to Solzhenitsyn; describes the death and funeral of his sister; and composes a mannered, not to say mawkish, letter to the ghost of his father, exculpating him and bringing him up to date on family news, including how one granddaughter was stung by a bee on a beach in Uruguay.

The intention of all this decoration is obscure. The effect, while not painfully so, is nevertheless unshirkably comic.

Achilles on the Mound

Sandy Koufax:
A Lefty's Legacy
by Jane Leavy
HarperCollins. 304 pp. $23.95

Reviewed by
J. Bottum

THE PROBLEM is not to figure out why Sandy Koufax was a great pitcher. The problem is to figure out why he was *Sandy Koufax*—the stuff of myth, the Achilles of Dodger Stadium, the pitcher who from 1963 to 1966 redefined baseball, the Jewish Phenomenon, the most talked-about athlete of the 1960's, and the man who is remembered by everyone who saw him pitch as the most exciting player ever to take the mound.

Even during his early years, Koufax always had something: some promise of things to come, some flash of brilliance that kept the Dodgers from unloading him as a failed prospect. The fans who remember his almost perfect final years tend to forget just how mediocre he was in the beginning of his career, and how long that beginning lasted. His combined record from 1955 to 1960 was 42 wins and 53 losses—on pennant-winning teams. The earned runs he allowed barely matched the league's average, and his unearned runs were atrocious. He walked enormous numbers of batters and threw wild pitches. He hit so many batters in spring training that one Dodger complained, "Taking batting practice against him is like playing Russian roulette with five bullets."

None of this is what a baseball team wants in a star pitcher. Signed to a big bonus—which, under the rules of the 1950's, prohibited the Dodgers from sending him back to the minor leagues for seasoning—Koufax was promoted as baseball's latest wunderkind, the teenaged lefthander, the golden-armed Jewish boy from Brooklyn who was going to make everyone forget Lefty Grove. But he was really little more than a one-dimensional player. He had a big, overhand curve he could not trust and a change-up that might go anywhere. He relied mainly on his lightning fastball, and he struck out a lot of people with it. But the National League in those days was filled with big hitters whose home-run totals masked the arrival of the pitching paradise the 1960's would become—players like Willie Mays, Hank Aaron, Frank Robinson, Ernie Banks, Willie McCovey, Ken Boyer, and Eddie Matthews. After striking out in their first two at-bats against Koufax in a game, they would adjust their timing and smash home runs off him in their third and fourth at-bats.

But even in those bad years Koufax had moments of mastery, especially when his curveball was working. In 1955, as a nineteen-year-old bonus baby, he managed to strike out fourteen Reds in one game. In 1959, when he would finish the sea-

J. BOTTUM *is Books & Arts editor of the* Weekly Standard *and the author of* The Fall & Other Poems.

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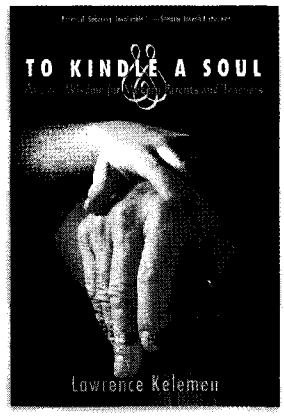
son with an uninspiring 8-6 record, he started in June by striking out sixteen Phillies and ended in August by tying Bob Feller's record of eighteen strikeouts in a game. And the best was yet to come.

By 1961—joining Don Drysdale, Johnny Podres, and Stan Williams in the Dodgers' starting rotation—Koufax led the league in strikeouts, finding enough control to bring his curveball into play and enjoy what was basically a good journeyman's year: 18-13, with a 3.52 earned-run average (ERA). In 1962, a finger injury led to circulatory problems that took him out of the lineup in mid-July and kept his record down to 14-7, but his ERA led the league. And from 1963 until his forced retirement with arthritis a mere four years later, he was the pitcher everyone remembers. In 1963: 25-5. In 1964: 19-5. In 1965: 26-8. And in 1966: 27-9. League-leading strikeouts in three of those years, and league-leading ERA's every year. Three unanimous Cy Young Awards (in the days when only one was given for both leagues). Most Valuable Player in 1963. Four no-hitters, one a perfect game.

Even when he was not much good, Koufax had some quality that kept him at the center of attention. The common complaint about the 1950's Dodgers he joined was that they were all hitting—the murderous lineup included Pee-Wee Reese, Junior Jim Gilliam, Duke Snider, Jackie Robinson, Carl Furillo, Gil Hodges, and Roy Campanella—and no pitching. This was not really true: long before they moved from Brooklyn to Los Angeles in 1959, the Dodgers were already becoming the pitchers' team they would be known as through the 1960's. But until Koufax came along, nobody really believed a Dodger could pitch.

That is no doubt why, in 1955, as the team was putting together the lineup that would finally win a World Series against the Yankees, the preseason press reports were all about the signing of a new teenaged phenom;



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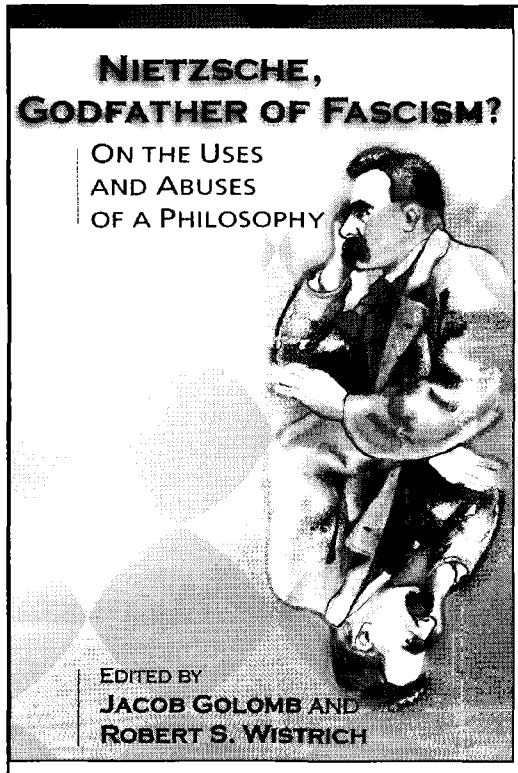

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and from then on, the fascination with Koufax never stopped. "Koufax, Unorthodox, Reads Books," ran one early headline in the *Herald Tribune*.

By the time he was able to put his talents together, *everything* about him was news. His struggles with the arthritic pain in his swollen arm—the ice baths, the salves, the painkillers—produced a constant rain of commentary in the newspapers. And that was the least of it. Koufax built hi-fi's in his spare time and owned an electronics shop! He declined to give endorsements! He and Don Drysdale were going to make a movie!

His Jewishness in particular became the stuff of legend. Back in Brooklyn, the Dodgers, knowing their fans, had actually encouraged their few Jewish players to be absent on religious holidays. In 1934, in the middle of a tight pennant race, the Tigers' Hank Greenberg had declined to play on Yom Kippur. But, somehow, when Koufax passed up his World Series start against the Twins on October 6, 1965, it was as though no one had ever heard of such a thing before, and his name was inscribed forever in the Book of Life. Rabbis took to the radio to praise him, and rumors in several synagogues on the great day itself held that Koufax was present incognito. (Actually, he spent the day in his Minneapolis hotel room.) The pitcher Ken Holtzman recalls that his mother could not bring herself to pray for him to beat Koufax when he pitched against him the next year; the most she could pray was that he be *like* Koufax.

THE NATIONAL League in the 1960's was filled with great pitchers: the aging Warren Spahn churning out twenty-win seasons for the Braves, Drysdale pitching 58 consecutive scoreless innings for the Dodgers, Bob Gibson producing a 1.12 ERA for the Cardinals, Juan Marichal having for the Giants what was probably the most valuable decade of them all. At his peak, Koufax was better, but not miles better. And yet, just as in 1962 the only thing Dodgers fans wanted to talk about was how Koufax's injured finger cost them the pennant, so in 2002 nobody is writing biographies of Juan Marichal. But here is *Sandy Koufax: A Lefty's Legacy*, a new life by the *Washington Post*'s Jane Leavy.

The book is not a baseball classic like Roger Kahn's adoration of the Dodgers in *The Boys of Summer*, but Leavy does a good job of moving rapidly through Koufax's early life to concentrate on his career. Interweaving chapters on Koufax's slow development in the majors with chapters giving a pitch-by-pitch account of his perfect game on September 9, 1965, Leavy offers a solid, if unoriginal, explanation for his transformation from unfulfilled promise to success.

A lesson from the catcher Norm Sherry, who taught him not to press too hard during the 1961 preseason, was important in this transformation. But the main element was a small change in his pitching motion, made after a scout noticed that he was obscuring his vision with his hands midway through his pitches and after the Cardinals' Wally Moon, newly traded to the Dodgers, told Koufax that opposing teams had figured out what pitch he was going to throw by the way he held his glove. Other elements included the expanded strike zone in 1963, which turned another 5 percent of his pitches into strikes, and his forming, with John Roseboro, one of those mystical, extrasensory pitcher-catcher relations that win ball games.

What Leavy cannot quite explain is why the sun always seemed to center its rays on him. Somewhere along the line, she seems to have met and been overawed by the poet Robert Pinksy, and to her detriment she cannot shake free from his sentimental take on Koufax's importance to America. Nor can she stop herself from interjecting distracting observations about the social history of the 1960's. By the time the reader has finished this book, the smoke of the Watts riots seems a permanent feature of the sky over Dodger Stadium.

A deeper problem with *Sandy Koufax: A Lefty's Legacy* is that Leavy proves unable to penetrate what Ed Linn (who helped produce Koufax's 1966 autobiography) called the pitcher's "wall of amiability." She is hardly alone. After interviewing hundreds of Koufax's friends and acquaintances, Linn came to the conclusion that none of them knew him at all. Even the people closest to him on the Dodgers team—like Maury Wills and John Roseboro—spoke of his aloofness, his distance, his aura of impenetrability. Like others before her, Leavy cites Koufax's friendship with black players to claim some unity of feeling among minorities, but this is not convincing: he was also friends with the Dodger coach Al Campanis, widely denounced as a racist. He was friendly, and only friendly, with almost everyone.

People always described Koufax as handsome, but he was not, really, and especially not while he was pitching. He and Drysdale formed the superstition of not shaving before pitching starts, which put a black circle of whiskers around his mouth on game day. The cut of the Dodgers' uniforms made all the players look as though their necks were too long, and no one could appear entirely graceful throwing the way Koufax did: from straight above the shoulder with a huge windup and a follow-through so pronounced that his back would be completely turned to the batter by the time his foot came off the rubber. Koufax always looked *strained*, the cords on his neck standing out and his entire body delivering the pitch. He did not frighten batters the way the enormous and mean-tempered Drysdale did; he just threw past them, as though only he and the ball had any real existence.

People may have called him handsome because they lacked any other word to describe what they saw in him. The reason Koufax seemed so distant was the same reason fans and players alike were so fascinated by him: he felt, and they could see him feel, the burden of something given to very few human

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beings—the chance to be great at what he was good at.

Writers love baseball, in part because it lets them talk about things, like greatness, that they are embarrassed to mention in any other context, and in part because it lets them see the human struggle in miniature: small *Iliad*s and tiny *Odysseys* played out on a diamond. In this, though, writers are like everyone else, pulled to the realm of the mythic whose force they cannot explain. From the very beginning, when he was not particularly useful, Sandy Koufax was an Achilles figure—and, like every Achilles, he finished too young and missed the far end of his arc. Even in the little world of baseball we cannot keep our eyes off such men. How could it be otherwise? The sun shines on them, and for a moment in their lives greatness shimmers into view.

In Castro's Kingdom

Cuba Confidential:
Love and Vengeance in
Miami and Havana
by Ann Louise Bardach
Random House. 397 pp. $25.95

Cuba Diaries:
An American Housewife
in Havana
by Isadora Tattlin
Algonquin Books. 308 pp. $24.95

Reviewed by
Mark Falcoff

ANY WRITER who has tried to sell a book proposal about Latin America to a New York publisher is familiar with the reaction—boredom, indifference, contempt, a gaze out the window to check on the weather . . . unless, of course, the subject is Cuba. Why this should be so is not hard to understand. Cuba may be among Latin America's smallest, poorest, and most rapidly decaying nations, but it is also the source of one of the longest-running engagements in our own culture wars. As two new books demonstrate, Cuba remains the stage for larger ideological battles, and even for the occasional second thought.

The central idea of *Cuba Confidential* is that, cold-war posturing aside, the Castro regime and the community of anti-Castro Cuban exiles in South Florida are best understood as the violently estranged branches of a single family. As the journalist Ann Louise Bardach explains, it is not just politics but bad blood that separates Fidel Castro from his former brother-in-law, Rafael Díaz-Balart, an eminence grise of the exile community, or from his one-time nephew, Lincoln Díaz-Balart, a Republican congressman from Miami and the point man for anti-Castro forces on Capitol Hill.

Another emblematic family quarrel of this relationship revolved around a five-year old boy by the name of Elián González, who in 1998 was fished out of the waters between Cuba and Florida after his mother and her boyfriend, along with several other adults, perished on a raft while making their way to the U.S. The boy's father, divorced from his mother but by all accounts involved with his son, demanded his return to Cuba, unleashing the most intense passion play between Miami and Havana since the revolution itself. Bardach emphasizes that such cases are far from unique; few Cuban-American families have escaped unscathed from the tragic events of the last forty years.

A regular contributor to the celebrity-mad *Vanity Fair*, Bardach is vaguely left-wing in her views but in no way an apologist for the Castro regime. As a matter of fact, some of her comments about today's Cuba are among the most devastating I have ever read. As she aptly writes of the octogenarian ballet diva Alisia Alonso, the woman can "barely walk" but, "like her country, she insists she can dance." Bardach points out that Castro has deliberately turned aside many opportunities to normalize relations with the U.S., and she even claims to have confronted him with the remark that if the greatest "achievements" of his revolution are "education, health, and sports," its signal failures have been "breakfast, lunch, and dinner."

At the same time, however, Bardach subscribes to the regnant ideology of American journalism: that Communism may be bad, but anti-Communism is much, much worse. Her argument, such as it is, is that the leadership of the Cuban exile community has turned Miami into a kind of fascist state, enjoying a strange impunity from American justice, especially with the Bush dynasty in the saddle. Her indictment—a pastiche of baroque details—is rich in half-truths, near-truths, and untruths, as well as the occasional fact. She speaks pejoratively of those—Jeb Bush, Jeane Kirkpatrick—with whom she disagrees, while treating apologists for Castro, like the U.S. National Council of Churches, as neutral arbiters.

Bardach freely admits—indeed, she emphasizes—that Castro's revolution has been a monumental disaster for Cubans on both sides of the divide. But, having demonized those who have escaped his grip, she cannot say what their attitude *should* be toward a regime that has sundered families, destroyed careers, and sent unnumbered thousands to their deaths, either in the shark-infested waters of the Florida Straits or on foreign battlefields fighting for world Communism. As her own account demonstrates, as long as Castro is in charge, and as long as the U.S. continues to take rough-

MARK FALCOFF *is a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute. His new book,* Cuba the Morning After, *will be published early next year.*

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ly 30,000 dissatisfied Cubans off his hands each year, the festering resentments of the exile community will not die.

LIKE BARDACH, Isadora Tattlin is an American woman who harbors vaguely left-of-center ideas. But there the resemblance ends. Tattlin (probably a nom de plume) is married to a businessman of unstated European nationality (a Frenchman, I deduce) whose work in the mid-90's required his transfer from Bangladesh to Cuba. She, her husband, her two children, and their Bangladeshi nanny lived on the island for more than three years. *Cuba Diaries* is the journal of her residence, an account by turns hilarious and sadly revealing.

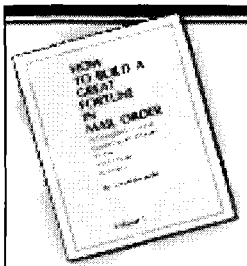
In Tattlin's telling, Cuba is a pitiful place, reduced to near-starvation—all foodstuffs in her house have to be kept under lock and key—while the infrastructure inherited from pre-revolution days and the golden years of the Soviet subsidy crumbles. Her daughter cannot take swimming lessons because the pool is polluted, or dancing lessons because the floor of the studio is splintering. There is no water—none at all—at a tourist hotel where she and her husband stay on a weekend getaway. Cuban medicine, one of the supposed triumphs of the revolution, is depicted in the person of the country's leading dermatologist, who after a cursory examination of her daughter, then suffering from peculiar growths on her skin, pronounces the girl "Normal!" In some schools there is one book for an entire class to share.

Tattlin's Cuba is a place strangely isolated from the outside world, with none being more cut off, it would seem, than some of the main figures of the Communist *nomenklatura*. She tells of a leading member of Cuba's National Assembly—Castro's rubber-stamp "congress"—who informed her over dinner that 40 percent of Americans have sex with animals. He admitted he had never been to the United States, but had "read a lot."

Indeed, Cuba is so pervasively backward, Tattlin reports, that even the most committed political pilgrims have been forced to notice. Two Communist visitors from her husband's home country declare themselves "shocked—*shocked*—by the condition of Havana, by the low level of intellect of many of the officials they have met, by their lack of information, by the outright senility of some of the older officials." They tell her, with touching indignation, that a dissident they have met—in this case, as in so many, a former Communist militant who had called for reform of the system and ended up with a long prison sentence—had his telephone disconnected immediately after their visit and was called in by the political police.

During her residence on the island Tattlin was in an excellent position to evaluate attitudes toward the U.S. On the one hand, Cubans were being told almost daily that an American invasion was imminent. At Pinar del Río, the country's westernmost province and the one closest to Florida, she observed extensive excavations under way—tunnels and bunkers intended to shelter Castro and his associates when the 82nd Airborne finally arrives. On the other hand, when Cubans discover she is an American, it is to them "a source of surprise and delight." A Danish tour guide tells her that, in the area he travels, almost half the people long for annexation to the United States.

For Tattlin, Cuba is best classified as a "cootocracy"—"bearded, fragile, isolated, in ill-fitting clothes, unchallenged, long-fingernailed, muttering to itself, obsessing about the reality of 40 years ago." Fidel Castro's sole remaining asset, she suggests, is the hostility of the U.S. government. "The most senseless



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thing about" the sanctions imposed by America's Helms-Burton law, she tells a visiting and typically misinformed American anchorman, "is that it is only helping Fidel and the hard-liners."

On their way to Cuba, Tattlin and her husband stop to speak with someone from his company who has previously served on the island.

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"Fidel is an old man that can't admit he's made a mistake."

"But surely," they insist, "it can't be as simple as that."

"Oh yes it can."

What both these rather different books confirm is that, having destroyed Cuba's sugar industry, lost its Soviet patron, cast thousands of its most productive citizens into prison or exile, and embraced an economic system that does not and cannot work, Castro has been reduced to living on residuals from the domestic and foreign branches of the hate-America club. But how much longer?

Brain Trust

Intellectuals and the American Presidency: Philosophers, Jesters, or Technicians?
by Tevi Troy
Rowman & Littlefield. 255 pp. $27.95

Reviewed by James Nuechterlein

The first duty of presidential aides is to make their boss look as good as possible. The first duty of intellectuals, as intellectuals, is to disclose as fully and disinterestedly as possible whatever measure of truth has been vouchsafed them. It follows that intellectuals

James Nuechterlein *is the editor of* First Things.

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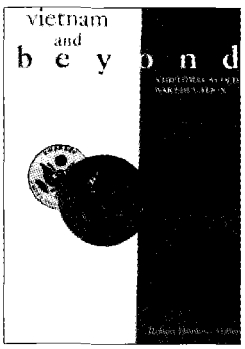

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[Hickey's] studies of these independent, brave, and misunderstood people provide the scholarly record; this fine book expresses his devotion and his despair at their inevitable and often cruel assimilation.
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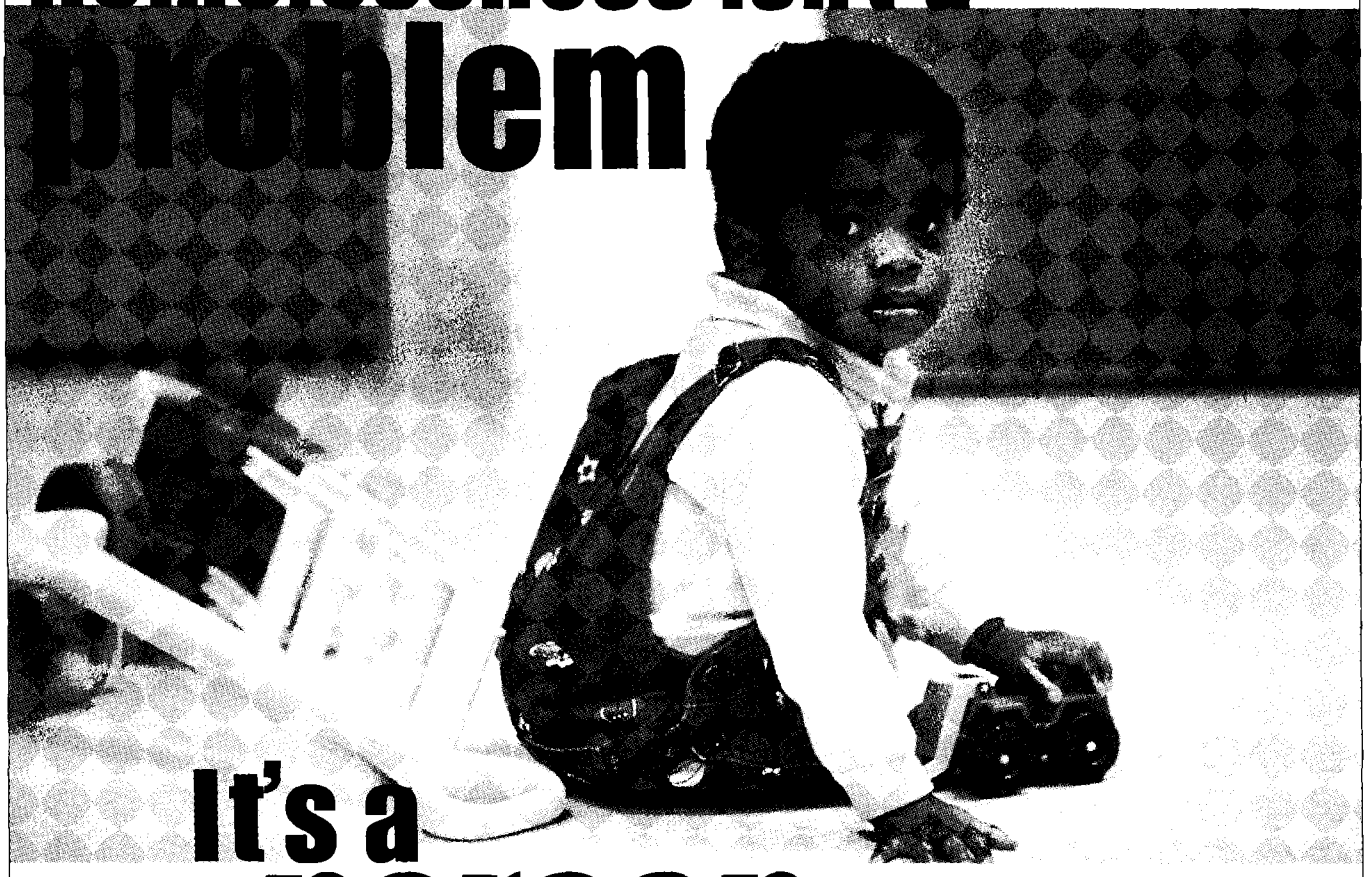

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who put themselves in the service of Presidents also put themselves in danger of becoming what Tevi Troy, in *Intellectuals and the American Presidency*, calls "intellectual roundheels."

This is not to suggest that Troy's study is primarily a cautionary tale, warning would-be court philosophers of the moral perils of proximity to power. That would be unlikely for an author who, an intellectual himself (the book began as a Ph.D. thesis at the University of Texas), has served since the mid-1990's in various advisory roles to conservative causes and politicians (he is currently deputy assistant secretary for policy in the Department of Labor). Indeed, Troy is less concerned with how intellectuals have fared in the White House than with how well or badly Presidents since 1960 have managed *them*.

Troy identifies Franklin D. Roosevelt's "brain trust"—Columbia professors Raymond Moley, Rexford G. Tugwell, and Adolf A. Berle—as the first intellectuals to figure prominently as advisers to the President. But even they, though important in generating ideas for the 1932 campaign, had limited influence. It was only in the postwar period, with the GI bill and vast government spending on universities in the contest with the Soviet Union for scientific supremacy, that the country came to have a critical mass of people who, with varying degrees of plausibility, thought of themselves as intellectuals.

So it was that John F. Kennedy, following his election in 1960, decided to appoint the historian Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. as a special assistant with the responsibility not only to help generate ideas but also to serve as liaison to the intellectual community at large. A prominent adviser to Adlai Stevenson during the 1950's, Schlesinger had been influential during the Democratic primary in swinging a significant part of the "egghead" vote from Stevenson to Kennedy, and he was helpful thereafter in keeping intellectuals reasonably satisfied, if not entirely happy, with JFK. (Intellectuals are a notably discontented lot; their instinctive reaction to most forms of authority is what Midge Decter has felicitously characterized as "principled ingratitude.")

His ambassadorial role aside, Schlesinger was not, Troy indicates, a major presence in the Kennedy White House. And even his relative success with the intellectual community stemmed as much from the still intact "liberal consensus" of the 1950's as from his talents. The shattering of that consensus over the Vietnam war made his successors' lives far more difficult.

Eric Goldman, the Princeton historian whom Lyndon Johnson selected to replace Schlesinger (though only on a part-time basis), had a particularly disastrous tenure. In 1965, seeking to modify the mutually contemptuous relations between intellectuals and LBJ, Goldman organized a White House Festival of the Arts. Serious protest over Vietnam had just begun, and the festival became its victim, with one invitee, the poet Robert Lowell, announcing indignantly to the *New York Times* that he would not attend and another, the critic Dwight Macdonald, circulating a petition against the war as he mingled with his fellow guests. Goldman tried haplessly to act as referee, only to be viewed by the intellectuals as a sell-out and by LBJ as an incompetent trimmer.

Richard Nixon knew from the beginning that he could never win over the academic and artistic establishment. Disdaining the mainstream liberalism of the late 1960's, he found a kindred soul in his own in-house intellectual, the social scientist Daniel Patrick Moynihan. By that time, as Troy notes, the term "liberal intellectual" had ceased being redundant, and Moynihan's appointment indicated the emerging influence of the neoconservatives,

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The Saudis

Are they our friends . . . or our enemies?

For decades the U.S. has considered Saudi Arabia our friend—and an important source of oil. But now, because fifteen of nineteen of the September 11 hijackers were Saudi citizens, because Saudi schools and newspapers teach anti-American and anti-Semitic hatred, and because Saudi Arabia refuses to cooperate with U.S. efforts to stop terrorism, many are asking whether this "friendship" still makes sense.

What are the facts?

Militant Islam thrives in Saudi Arabia. Not only were most of the 9/11 terrorists Saudis, but some 80% of the prisoners held at Guantánamo are Saudis, Osama bin Laden is a Saudi, and recent evidence proves that Saudi Arabia has been a principal supporter both of al Qaeda and of Palestinian suicide bombers.

But these obvious connections to terrorism are just the beginning. The Saudis actively support more than 30,000 Wahhabi religious schools and mosques in Saudi Arabia, Pakistan, Indonesia, Afghanistan, Western Europe and the United States. Wahhabism calls for the destruction of the United States and Israel and Western values, replacing them with totalitarian Islamist regimes and fundamentalist societies, similar to the one created by the Taliban in Afghanistan.

Despite friendly-sounding rhetoric from its leaders, the Saudi government refuses to assist the U.S. capture Islamic terrorists. In 1996, the Saudis refused a U.S. request that they seize Osama bin Laden. In 1995, they refused to hand over Imad Mughniyah, the likely perpetrator of the 1983 bombing of the Marine barracks in Lebanon. After 9/11, the Saudis opposed the U.S. attack on the Taliban and have failed to crack down on their own al Qaeda supporters. No wonder the Saudi-supported press regularly praises terrorist actions against the U.S. and Israel, or that secret documents found recently prove that the Saudi government gives money to terrorist organizations and bestows handsome cash rewards on the families of suicide bombers in Israel.

It's also no wonder that a much-publicized report to a Pentagon advisory board recently concluded that "the Saudis are active at every level of the terror chain, from planners to financiers." The report labeled the kingdom "the most dangerous opponent of American interests in the Middle East."

> "The U.S. must reconsider its relationship with Saudi Arabia. In the meantime, we must think of it as our enemy and consider this reality in our global fight against terrorism."

Saudi Arabia rejects important basic human freedoms. Saudi Arabia is run by a totalitarian regime—the oil-rich House of Saud, a tyranny of princes and royal cousins. None of the basic freedoms held sacred by Western democracies—the rule of law, limits on the power of the state, rights for women, private property, free speech, equal justice, religious tolerance—is tolerated by the Saudis. Indeed, Saudi culture is barbarically restrictive: Woman may not drive and are treated as chattel by their husbands and by the regime; the press is ruthlessly censored; and public executions and dismemberments are still practiced. During the Gulf War, President Bush was prevented by the Saudi government from conducting a religious service on a U.S. military base on Saudi soil. U.S. servicewomen in Saudi Arabia must wear veils in public. Saudi men routinely abduct their U.S. citizen children, forcefully covert them to Islam and, if girls, press them into marriages – often polygamous ones.

The myth of our dependence on Saudi oil. Saudi oil policy has always been openly self-serving—the Saudis have threatened or implemented at least three oil embargoes over recent decades, including one in 1973-74 that triggered a deep economic crisis in the U.S. In reality, they have sold us oil when it served their financial and political purposes.

While at one time the U.S. relied heavily on the free flow of Saudi oil—since as much as 25% of the world's supply may lie within its boundaries—things have changed. Russia and Mexico have become reliable suppliers, and vast new oil fields around the Caspian Sea are coming on line. New energy technologies are reducing our dependence on oil in general. Finally, most analysts agree that the Saudis need the U.S. as their customer much more than we need them as a supplier. The Saudis are not likely to cut us off, and if they do, we can obtain plentiful oil from other sources.

Given its totalitarian policies, its open support of terrorism, and the anti-American, anti-Israel vitriol spewing daily from its state-sponsored press and religious institutions, the U.S. must reconsider its relationship with Saudi Arabia. It's time to acknowledge that the Saudis are effectively waging a war against us—that they are behaving like enemies. Fortunately, Saudi Arabia's reduced importance as a supplier to the U.S. now allows us to make decisions based on human rights and our greater strategic interests, rather than solely on our energy needs. Just as a change in regimes in Iraq would benefit the U.S. and the world, so would a change in the feudal regime in Saudi Arabia—the ousting of the royal ruling class. Above all, we should encourage our government to confront the hypocritical and dictatorial Saudi rulers. In addition, if we can find Saudis of valor and vision, we should encourage them to lead their country to democracy. In the meantime, we must consider Saudi Arabia our enemy and consider this reality in our global fight against terrorism.

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thinkers previously located on the Left who were drifting to the Right as liberals increasingly flirted with radicalism.

Troy, who clearly admires Moynihan, emphasizes his significant influence on the Nixon presidency. He also suggests that of all the intellectuals who served in his position, Moynihan best maintained his independence as a scholar while loyally serving the man who appointed him. (Because Troy restricts his attention to those who served Presidents specifically *as* intellectuals, and not those with particular policy portfolios, he does not discuss such obvious intellectuals as, for example, Henry Kissinger.)

In succeeding administrations, intellectuals began to fade from prominence. The political theorist Robert Goldwin, Gerald Ford's resident thinker, had a difficult job. Ford was a decent man, but, as Troy makes clear, he did not have an intellectual bone in his body. Jimmy Carter never found an effective highbrow spokesman because, Troy indicates, no one could ever figure out what his idiosyncratic ideas added up to. Christopher Lasch was the best-known of the intellectuals whom he consulted, and his advice turned out badly, resulting in Carter's notorious "malaise" speech of 1979.

Though not himself an intellectual, Ronald Reagan had a clear and coherent set of beliefs that everyone was familiar with well before he became President. Moreover, he was the best imaginable communicator of those beliefs, brilliantly circumventing the intellectual community and the media to present his vision of the nation directly to the American people. He had no interest in persuading liberal intellectuals of the rightness of his ideas, and conservative thinkers needed no persuasion.

George Bush, Sr. could have used a persuasive intellectual spokesman, but he never found one because of his well-known difficulty with "the vision thing." Bush was interested not in ideology but in, as he put it, "what works." He wanted to preserve, with minor modifications, the world Ronald Reagan had created—which proved insufficient to earn him a second term.

In Troy's estimation, Bill Clinton "used intellectuals more successfully than any President since Kennedy." Though neither the moderate "new Democrats" nor the traditional Left trusted him, both rallied around, especially during the impeachment crisis in his second term. It was enough that Clinton was enormously charming and, more important, the bête noire of the Right. As Troy documents—showing flashes of ideological exasperation in his otherwise even-handed account— intellectuals like the journalist Sidney Blumenthal and the historian Sean Wilentz were willing to put forward any argument, however specious, to defend the enemy of their enemies.

Intellectuals and the American Presidency is an engaging, well-researched book, but it suffers from a tendency to overstate the significance of intellectuals in determining the success or failure of the presidencies it covers. Similarly, it gives too much credence to the notion that how a President handles intellectuals is somehow a key to his own general effectiveness.

As Troy intermittently recognizes, the political prowess of Kennedy, Reagan, and Clinton did not depend on the skills of those who served under them. So also with the Presidents who fared less well. If a Carter or a Bush never fully registered with the American people, the failure lay with them; more artful intellectual coaching would not have made things right. Ideas count for a great deal in whether Presidents succeed, but intellectuals who work for Presidents count for relatively little.

As for the potential moral dilemmas of intellectuals tempted to align themselves too closely with particular presidencies, perhaps no better model exists than that of Irving Kristol. As Troy notes, Kristol has been an influential informal adviser to every Republican president since Richard Nixon, but he has never worked for, or been beholden to, any of them. He has had access and impact—perhaps more than any other intellectual of his generation—but he has steadfastly remained his own man. In the end, that independence of mind is the only guarantee of integrity.

Renegades

James Burnham and the Struggle for the World: A Life
by Daniel Kelly
Intercollegiate Studies Institute. 475 pp. $29.95

Principles and Heresies: Frank S. Meyer and the Shaping of the American Conservative Movement
by Kevin J. Smant
Intercollegiate Studies Institute. 425 pp. $29.95

Reviewed by
Joshua Muravchik

In November 1955, the month he celebrated his 30th birthday, William F. Buckley, Jr. launched the magazine *National Review*, aiming to revive conservatism as an intellectual force in America. He had set himself an immense task. At the time, academics and journalists treated conservatism not as a philosophy, even an errant one, but as a symptom of mental illness, dismiss-

Joshua Muravchik, *a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute, is the author most recently of* Heaven on Earth: The Rise and Fall of Socialism.

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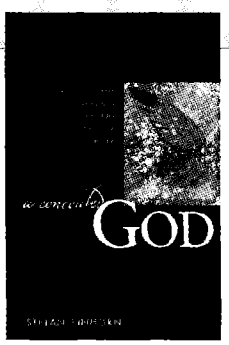

A CONCEALED GOD
Religion, Science, and the Search for Truth
By Stefan Einhorn
Translated by Linda Schenck

A new voice enters the science and religion dialogue in the United States with a book that was highly praised when it was first published in Sweden. In it, a distinguished professor poses two intriguing questions: Does God truly exist? If so, is the concept of God logical and in agreement with the knowledge of the world that science has provided?

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ing it as the "paranoid style" or as an ideological outgrowth of the "authoritarian personality." But by the time Ronald Reagan was elected President 25 years later, a massive shift had taken place from liberalism to conservatism not only in public allegiance but, to a significant degree, in cultural respectability. *National Review* was hardly alone in bringing about this reorientation, but it undoubtedly played an important role.

Buckley's principal co-editors at the new magazine were two renegades from Marxism, James Burnham (1905-87) and Frank S. Meyer (1909-72). Burnham served as a mentor to the younger Buckley, becoming, in Buckley's words, "the number-one intellectual influence on *National Review*." Meyer's great contribution was the idea of "fusionism," an attempt to reconcile the two disparate philosophical sources of the American Right: a traditionalist strain tracing back to the thought of Edmund Burke and a libertarian strain tracing back to John Locke. Buckley's own political ideas were, in addition, profoundly informed by his own Roman Catholic faith, but both Burnham and Meyer lived their lives as nonbelievers, having abandoned their respective religious traditions—Catholicism and Judaism—as young radicals.

Burnham and Meyer collaborated closely, but they were often at odds: Buckley referred to the relationship between the two as the "Hundred Years War." Meyer, whose regular column in the magazine was called "Principles and Heresies," was famously doctrinaire. Burnham, whose views were in a state of perpetual evolution, was given to such heterodoxies as an admiration for Nelson Rockefeller (a liberal Republican) and support for Medicare—stances that drove Meyer to apoplexy.

Though Burnham and Meyer passed from the scene some time ago, two new biographies, published by the Intercollegiate Studies Institute, assure that they will not fade into oblivion. Both books are meticulous works of intellectual history, recording the full trajectory of their subjects' ideas while (especially in the case of the book on Meyer) giving spare attention to the details of their personal lives. There are problems with this approach—most readers, I suspect, could do without an exegesis of Burnham's high-school essays and would want to know more about Meyer's deathbed conversion to Catholicism—but the books' narrow focus does usefully enable one to follow the evolution of American conservative thought during the decades of its resurrection.

THE SON of a comfortable, entrepreneurial Newark family, Frank Meyer joined the Communist party in his early 20's while an undergraduate at Oxford. He was an only child, lonely and sickly, and seems to have found a sense of belonging in the cocoon of Communism. Rising rapidly, he earned membership on the central committee of the British party within three years and was then sent home to bolster the Communist ranks in the American Midwest.

At the close of World War II, when Stalin ordered the international movement to execute a sharp turn to the Left, Meyer found himself out in the cold along with other followers of Earl Browder, the now disgraced leader associated with the American party's moderate wartime posture. According to his biographer, Kevin J. Smant, Meyer was not expelled from the party, nor did he resign; he merely "drifted away."

Bereft of his movement "family," Meyer settled with his wife near Woodstock, New York, where, fearing for his life at the hands of his former comrades, he slept with a loaded rifle at hand. Smant reports this detail matter-of-factly, perhaps mindful of similar anxieties de-

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scribed so vividly by the best-known Communist turncoat of that era, Whittaker Chambers. Chambers, however, had been not just a Communist but a spy, someone who might well have had reason to tremble. Meyer had been nothing more than a mid-rank party official. Why did he consider himself in mortal danger? Although Smant does not speculate, Meyer's worries point either to a peculiarity in his psyche or to the possibility that there had been more to his work for the Communist party than he disclosed.

Though many apostates from Communism settled somewhere in the precincts of American liberalism, Meyer soon made a leap to the Right. He was powerfully influenced by Friedrich von Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom* (1944), which argued that government intervention in the economy was a slippery slope to totalitarianism. Meyer became an advocate of the "night watchman" theory of the state—that is, a state whose functions are limited to law enforcement, court administration, and national defense—and he began to contribute to such conservative magazines as the *Freeman* and *American Mercury*, circles in which he developed a friendship with the young Buckley.

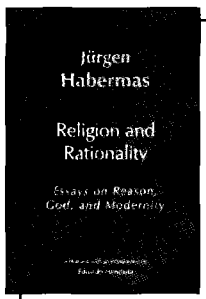
Burnham, too, grew up in affluent surroundings as the son of a self-made railway magnate in Chicago. First in his class at Princeton, he went to Oxford for graduate study (preceding Meyer there by a few years) and then began a career teaching philosophy and literature at New York University. He wrote many books, a number of which sold well. Unlike the insular Meyer, Burnham progressed through a series of close partnerships in his intellectual life, first with Philip Wheelwright, his professor at Princeton, then with Sidney Hook and Leon Trotsky, and finally with Buckley.

Ironically, whereas the lonely Meyer was almost all his life a "movement man," beginning with the Communists and later with the conservatives, Burnham, despite his intense relationships with a series of other thinkers, was much more idiosyncratic and unpredictable in his thought. Although he flirted with Communism, he never joined the party, falling in instead with the Trotskyists. Indeed, the original secretariat of the Socialist Workers Party consisted of Burnham, James Cannon, and Max Shachtman. The Soviet invasion of Poland in 1939 led Burnham and Shachtman to break with Trotsky and Cannon, and Shachtman formed his own "Workers Party." Burnham helped with its launch but soon resigned, saying he had begun to reconsider Marxism and Leninism.

His new thinking took shape in his first big book, *The Managerial Revolution* (1941), which posited that technology had given rise to a class of managers who ruled alike over societies of outwardly different political systems. The emphasis on class in Burnham's analysis showed the lingering effects of his Marxist training, but these faded from view in his next several books which, starting with *The Struggle for the World* (1947), were dedicated to the fight against Communism.

Burnham's conservatism had more of an instrumental quality than Meyer's obsessive quest for a conservative philosophers' stone. To him, the more fundamental cause was always anti-Communism. Indeed, as his biographer, Daniel Kelly, rightly observes, Burnham's style of conservatism—"secular, empirical, modernist, resigned to the welfare state as inevitable in a mass industrial society, emphatic on the need for victory in the struggle for the world"—provided "a preview of the neoconservatism of the 1970's." Which brings us to the question of the legacy of these two men.

One of the things that was supposedly "new" about the neoconservatives of the 1970's was that they



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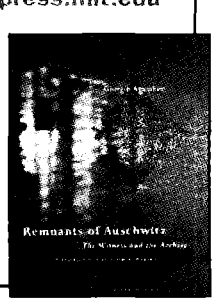

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came largely from the Left. As these biographies remind us, this phenomenon was not so novel, even a generation earlier. But no less essential to neoconservatism, as Kelly's description of Burnham suggests, were certain positions and sensibilities that had never before found a home on the American Right.

Today, after several decades of mutual influence, these differences have largely been obscured; writing in COMMENTARY six years ago, Norman Podhoretz argued that neoconservatism no longer could or should be distinguished from American conservatism as such. What the careers of Burnham and Meyer remind us of, however, is that "conservatism as such" is also no longer what it was, and that its evolution required the reconsideration of a number of stands that were once distinctive features of its physiognomy.

A foremost issue in this regard was the movement's position on race. Like *National Review* itself, Burnham and Meyer opposed the Supreme Court's 1954 decision against school segregation, opposed President Eisenhower's enforcement of integration in Little Rock in 1957, and then opposed the marches, freedom rides, and civil-rights legislation of the 1960's, including the Voting Rights Act. Casting their arguments in constitutional terms, they invoked notions of judicial restraint and states' rights. Meyer even undertook a reconsideration of Abraham Lincoln, concluding that the sixteenth President was a "ruthless" authoritarian.

The rationale may have been high-minded, but the stance taken by Burnham and Meyer provided ammunition to those whose own opposition to civil rights for blacks was motivated by simple racism. Worse, the constitutional objections to the remedies sought by civil-rights activists were seldom softened by sympathy for their cause. As white Southern mobs beat freedom riders within an inch of their lives, *National Review* appealed for an "attempt to understand" the thugs doing the beating. Burnham lamented that the high valence of the civil-rights issue had rendered impossible "scientific and empirical investigation that might prove objectively, once and for all, whether and in what sense Negroes [were] inferior"—research whose likely purpose, considering the times, would have been to justify discrimination.

Even with respect to Communism, the issue on which they earned most honor, Meyer and Burnham compiled a record tarnished by serious misjudgments. Primary among these was the attitude they adopted toward Joseph McCarthy. Meyer supported the Wisconsin Senator, while Burnham called himself an "anti-anti-McCarthyite." Neither of them seems to have understood how much damage McCarthy was doing to the anti-Communist cause. They did not seem to grasp how essential it was, in anathematizing Communism, to exercise scrupulous care in distinguishing Communists from mere liberals and fools, even if many liberals themselves were refusing to acknowledge the threat posed by Communism to a free society.

A similar problem presented itself with the John Birch Society. *National Review* welcomed the group's passionate anti-Communism, but the Birchers saw Communists everywhere, going so far as to label President Eisenhower a Red. *National Review*'s editors argued long and hard about whether to criticize the society, many of whose members were subscribers. Burnham favored a break, while Meyer opposed it. In the end the magazine did take on the Birchers, but only after the organization had denounced America's participation in the Vietnam war as a Communist plot.

Finally, the two men were not always shrewd analysts of the Communist world. Meyer denounced Nikita Khrushchev's de-Stalinization program as a sham, and Burnham joined him in saying the same about the Sino-Soviet split. In a similar vein, Meyer, arguing that a Communist was always a Communist, opposed U.S. aid to Tito after the Yugoslav leader's break with Moscow. Burnham once said something very apt about George F. Kennan, the author of the cold-war doctrine of containment: that he lacked a sufficient "hatred for Communism," and that his anti-Communism was "pale and abstract." But if hatred of Communism was morally necessary—and it was—hatred alone was not a sufficient guide in combating it.

Still, indiscriminate though it was at times, the abhorrence of Communism felt by Burnham and Meyer was a far surer compass than the moral relativism that pervaded liberal attitudes from the 1960's onward. Whatever their errors, the two men performed an essential service, mounting a stubborn defense of America and capitalism during a perilous time. Both deserve a substantial measure of thanks, even from those who, looking back, would not necessarily wish to have been at their side.

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Geopolitics is not something Americans spend a lot of time thinking about; we leave that to Foggy Bottom types. But recent developments on the international landscape warrant much more attention than they have attracted.

The Bush administration's success in moving Russia closer to the West represents a remarkable change in geopolitical alignment. **The 1990s witnessed an emerging anti-American partnership between former adversaries Russia and China, which Washington seemed powerless to impede.**

For much of the past decade, Beijing has wooed a weakened post-Soviet Russia by evoking common *extremist threats and resentment of U.S. superpowerdom.* Last July, China obtained Russia's signature on the Treaty of Good Neighborliness, Friendship, and Cooperation, which, among other things, recognized Beijing's claim to Taiwan and further pitted the two states against U.S. intervention by highlighting the role of the United Nations.

The broadening Sino-Russian entente began to raise red flags. Instances of converging interests strengthened these misgivings: China buys Russian ships and planes for its offshore agenda. Both fight separatists in Central Asia's former Soviet republics, some of whom infiltrated western China. Beijing, the senior partner in the Russo-Chinese corporation, has been gaining influence in Inner Asia as Moscovite power recedes. Behind China's gambit is the quest for access to the vast oil and gas reserves in Inner Asia.

By forming closer relations with the Kremlin, the Middle Kingdom also hopes to break out from its perceived American encirclement and secure its northern border in an effort to pursue a more assertive posture, or "forward policy," in the Pacific.

Ostensibly, Beijing and Moscow consummated their romance this June when Presidents Jiang Zemin and Vladimir Putin cosigned the Shanghai Cooperation Organization charter—along with Kazakhstan, Kyrgyzstan, Tajikistan, and Uzbekistan—which strengthens previous treaties on reducing forces along mutual borders and cooperating against terrorism and separatism. But appearances fooled no one, especially not China, for it understands Moscow's recent pro-Western tilt.

At the beginning of the Bush presidency, China's ascendant economy, size, and ambition seemed poised to confront a United States estranged from Russia and assailed by Europe for its unilateralism.

George W. Bush, however, succeeded in undermining this looming Moscow-Beijing axis by drawing Putin into the U.S. antiterrorism campaign, attaining the Kremlin's acquiescence in the deployment of U.S. forces in Central Asian republics, defusing its resistance to Washington's pullout of the ABM treaty, and assuaging its opposition to NATO's eastward enlargement by granting it greater sway with the NATO-Russia Council in May. For Russia, it gets a more reliable partner with the United States plus the benefit of having the United States in Central Asia.

Thus the Bush administration should receive as much acclaim as Richard Nixon did thirty years ago for realigning China on America's side against the Soviet Union. In the present case, **Bush has moved Russia closer to the West and outflanked China on the strategic chessboard.** This statecraft could result in a genuine realignment benefiting the West and Russia. Now it's time to turn our attention back to China and continue to engage it in a twenty-first-century framework of security for the great powers.

— Thomas Henriksen

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

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